

# THE GRAPHIC

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SEVENTEENTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER - - EDITOR

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## ILLINOIS LEGISLATIVE SCANDAL

WHEN "Bill" Lorimer was announced as the choice of the Illinois legislature as United States senator to succeed Albert J. Hopkins, The Graphic was dubious as to the selection, remembering the scandal that, years before, had attached to the newly-made senator's name, when he was forced to retire from the city water department of Chicago. As the years rolled by, the affair was forgotten or ignored, with the increase in power of the "blonde" boss of Cook county, and at the time of his election not one of the Chicago newspapers referred to the stigma, probably on the theory that it had long since become outlawed.

Of late, many persistent rumors have been afloat concerning the manner in which Lorimer achieved the distinction of representing his state in the upper house at Washington. It is not a pretty story. Corruption funds, resulting in bribery of the most sordid nature, it is charged, were used in effecting his elevation from the lower house. One of the pitiful recipients of Lorimer's tainted money has disclosed to State's Attorney Wayman the method by which the celebrated deadlock was broken and the defeat of Senator Hopkins accomplished. It will be remembered that Lorimer was elected a year ago through an alliance of fifty-five Republicans and fifty-three Democrats, Hopkins failing to reach the 103 votes necessary to elect. It is now charged that many of the Democrats received an average of \$1,000 each to break the deadlock and vote for the Chicago congressman.

Representative Charles A. White of St. Clair county, a Democrat, has unfolded to the public prosecutor the details of the scandalous deal which, according to his story was managed by Lee O'Neil Browne, leader of the house minority. Telegrams that passed and meetings that took place in St. Louis and elsewhere, indicated by White, are corroborated by reference to the hotel registers in the cities named. That the disclosures have greatly disturbed Illinois state politics, from Evanston to Cairo, is but a feeble reflection of the conditions now prevailing. Charges and counter charges are flying across the state, every Democrat who voted for Lorimer hasten-

ing to denounce the "squealer," while the Republicans who supported him are feeling equally uncomfortable.

It is likely that a special grand jury will be impaneled to investigate the charges in Chicago, while the state's attorney of Sangamon county, the scene of the alleged bribery, promises to take similar action there. Governor Deneen has joined in the demand for a thorough probing of the scandal and United States Senator Cullom has intimated his willingness to present formally to the United States senate any protest against Lorimer's right to hold his seat that may come from a proper source. In that event, the charges will go before the committee on privileges and elections, upon whose report the action of the senate would be based. Under its rules, any member found guilty of securing his seat by bribery must be expelled. Senator Lorimer scoffs at the confession and assumes an indifference regarding the story of legislative corruption in his behalf. Thus far, the Chicago papers have refrained from reviving the water office scandal of twenty-five years ago affecting Lorimer unpleasantly. Perhaps it will out now. All this is additional argument for the election of United States senators by direct vote of the people.

## WHAT ROOSEVELT TRAITS TYPIFY

ONE of the psychological features of Theodore Roosevelt's triumphal progress through the continental countries of the old world has been the recognition in him, by the representatives of each nationality visited, of certain traits of character, certain habits of thought, or perhaps a point of view, betraying a kinship of mind with the people he chanced to be among. With a naivete that we have noted with increasing interest, it is insisted that Colonel Roosevelt is "so un-American," so much more like "one of us," than any of his countrymen hitherto coming under close inspection.

Is this true? Rather, we are inclined to think, Mr. Roosevelt typifies the best that is in his countrymen, and is so thoroughly representative of the cultured, earnest, aggressive American spirit that he may be said to be essentially American in his composition. Our continental friends should not forget that while we are a composite nation, the Anglo-Saxon blood largely predominates. Possibly, what they see in Colonel Roosevelt is an actual reflection of inherited traits which their own forbears helped to diffuse. Yet in America are hundreds of thousands of lesser Roosevelts, strong, fine, clean, cultured citizens, whose qualities of heart and mind are of the same order as those of the distinguished visitor, only in him these attributes are more sharply defined. But the former president is by no means abnormal and certainly not un-American.

In his opening series of lectures or "conferences" given at the Sorbonne in the winter of 1908-09, on the Hyde Foundation, since published under the title "The Spirit of America," Dr. Henry Van Dyke refers to this inability of foreigners to comprehend the creative force, the controlling power, the characteristic element of the United States embodied in the American spirit. He points out that the blended strains of blood which made the American people in the beginning are still the dominant factors in the American people of today, adding:

Men of distinction in science, art and statesmanship have come from abroad to cast their fortunes in with the republic—men like Gallatin and Agassiz and Guyot and Lieber and McGosh and Carl Schurz—and their presence has been welcomed, their services received with honor. Of the total population of the United States in 1900, more than 34 per cent were of foreign birth or parentage. But the native stock has led and still leads America.

It is the native stock which took root in and formed the thirteen American colonies that gives

spiritual life to the nation and is regnant in the breasts of more than seventy-five per cent of our population at this period. Dr. Van Dyke says the soul of a people has made the American nation, and it is this which has made the United States and which still animates and controls the individual states. Theodore Roosevelt represents the real spirit of his country, in its life, in its literature. In saying that he is un-American our European friends, all unwittingly, are paying us, as a nation, a great compliment.

## GIVE THEM ROPE ENOUGH

SAN FRANCISCO ministers of the gospel are exercised over the death of a young pugilist in that city who received his coup de grace in the prize ring, not long surviving the injuries received there. Taking this as their text, they are fulminating against the projected prize fight between a world champion and the "next best," who are to meet at Emeryville, July 4, there to celebrate in the noble game of fisticuffs the one hundred and thirty-fourth anniversary of the independence of their country.

Pending this glorious event, the newspapers of this land of the free will open their columns to training quarters swill, for the delectation of their patriotic readers, until the asylums of the country are ready to cry out for relief from the accession of feeble-minded patients. Already, the nauseating stuff served daily is worse than a dose of ipecac, and what it will be in another thirty days one hesitates to dwell upon. San Francisco is pugilist mad, and always has been. No matter how tight money may be, the prize ring pavilion that has a strong card listed is certain to suffer no diminution of patronage. The bloodier the contest, the more brutal the punishment given and taken, the greater the delight of the patrons of this high-class sport. To see an entrant carried off on a stretcher, done to his death, is denominated a "classy" climax up there, and is considered a fairly good advertisement for succeeding ringside events. Like the proverbial tiger that tastes blood, the appetite is thus whetted for more of the same kind.

Twenty-five dollars is the prevailing price of choice seats to the big hippodrome to be pulled off on our great national holiday. No matter whether the champion wins or loses his contract insures him the lion's share of the gate receipts and if he can stand the punishment for a few rounds, which ought to be readily arranged, the box office will be secure and a division of the spoils certain. Of all the easy money and foolish persons furnishing it, nothing transcends in gullibility the average prize fight attendant. He will travel hundreds of miles, endure great bodily discomfort and pay an extravagant price for the privilege of seeing two nearly naked men pummel each other. Perhaps the "great event" will be a flash in the pan, a few blows settling the supremacy of the surviving victor almost before one's costly seat is fairly warmed. There have been such quick-firing decisions rendered on the coast.

As for the Emeryville hysteria, let it go on, and may the scandal attaching to it become so repulsive in the sight of all men that the ensuing legislative body shall not rest until a bill has been drafted into law that shall forever put a stop to this iniquitous and degrading practice. By no stretch of imagination can it be called sport. It is a catering to the barbarian in the human breast. Like the old Romans, who demanded a fight to the death, in that way getting the value of their drachmas exchanged for admission, so these moderns who affect prize fights are obsessed by the same cruel desire, and the cry of "kill the —" is so common around the ringside in a partisan contest that it is hardly noticed.

Why doesn't the governor interfere? He has no authority. As the Sacramento Union points



out, "under the law 'boxing contests' can be conducted to an unlimited number of rounds if the necessary permit is obtained from the local authorities." Emeryville, as everybody knows, is a municipality in itself, notorious for its horse-racing tendencies. It favors surreptitious betting in defiance of the law, hence it is clear that no interference with a prize fight may be expected in that quarter. No. Give the prize-ring manipulators all the rope they will take, so they may hang themselves the sooner.

#### JUDICIAL LENIENCY AND A CONTRAST

**L**AST week there was released from jail, on five years' probation, a scion of a respectable family, who had achieved unpleasant notoriety, first for his bogus check cashing feats, later for breaking open the safe of a concern with which he was formerly connected, and making off with the contents. He was practically caught red-handed. So complete was the evidence against him that his counsel introduced the specious plea that as an official of the company, whose tenure never had been legally terminated, he had a right to help himself to the corporation's valuables. It was not explained why he sought to elude the police and hide his booty, if his act was justifiable.

Of course, that was a subtle attempt to influence the jury, and it had the desired effect, apparently, since one man in the twelve held out for acquittal, thus necessitating a new trial. But the accused was advised to plead guilty, the trial judge and the district attorney agreeing, in view of the tremendous pressure brought to bear by friends of the prisoner's family, on a time parole for the culprit, who was given to understand that the slightest deviation from the paths of rectitude any time within the period stipulated would result in his rearrest and lodgment in the penitentiary for the term of five years.

We sincerely hope this leniency of the authorities toward the young man, who has many likable personal qualities, will not be regretted. He has recorded many lapses in the past that, strictly speaking, debar him from receiving consideration under the interpretation of the parole act, but the great influence exerted probably had its effect. It is this phase of the situation that gives food for comment, causing us to point out a striking contrast in public moods and justice court methods, the term justice being used in the broader, larger sense.

Several years ago, in this city, a criminal court judge, whose rulings, decisions and absurd sentences were a painful reflection on the judiciary of Los Angeles country, was an aspirant for preferment to a higher court. Believing that his candidacy, if successful, would be a menace to the people and a travesty on the dispensation of the law, a certain local editor, imbued solely with a desire to conserve the best interests of the community, undertook to point out the danger that lurked in the jurist's aspirations, and in vigorous, but conservative language, protested against the consummation of the judge's ambitions. In the course of the campaign the judicial candidate was guilty of several atrociously uneven decisions, one in particular, the paroling of a murderer, with a previous police record climaxing his defects in this line.

On a technicality, the editor was haled into court, on contempt proceedings, he having inadvertently commented on this case, believing it was closed, when, by a curious sequence of events, too long to recount here, its final disposition had been deferred twenty-four hours. Not one of the local judges cared to administer justice to the conscientious editor, who, it was shown, had no personal acquaintance with the ambitious, but ignorant member of the superior bench. So another jurist from a neighboring county was invited in, and he, with a fine lot of platitudinous talk about the sacredness of the bench and not a word of commendation for the courage and faithfulness of the editor, imposed a fine of \$100 and suggested that his dear, libeled colleague sue the newspaper man for damages under civil procedure. The fine was paid, following which came an intimation that an apology from the editor would avert all further trouble.

This editor, however, declined to be diverted

from his course. The judge was still a candidate for higher honors for which he was not fitted, and editorial protests against his nomination at the ensuing convention continued. Then a suit for punitive damages was filed, which the editor had to defend, and a jury that was of a professional stripe—one of the jurors, it was discovered, was a partner of a former councilman who had once invaded the editorial sanctum to chastise the editor for daring to criticize his questionable acts, and had gone away apologizing—harangued by a special pleader whose chief practice was in the plaintiff's court, brought in a verdict of \$17,500, which the trial judge failed to set aside as excessive.

It was a heavy blow to the newspaperman, who was struggling for a foothold against big odds and wealthy rivals. He was unable to furnish the bonds necessary to appeal the case, and was obliged to make a cash settlement, which further crippled the resources of his paper. Eventually, he was forced to suspend the publication he had founded, which never once in its career was found hesitating to print the truth or record the editor's convictions, even at a great financial sacrifice.

However, all that is past history, and no whimpering ever came from the editor. He took his medicine, grimly but bravely, and buckled to what work he could find, which lay in the direction of *The Graphic*, it transpired. But the point to be emphasized is that not a newspaper in the city was heard declaiming against the injustice of the verdict, no matter how any regarded the editor. Several hundred citizens, we are told, poured out their prayers for leniency for the man with a history who was paroled last week. But for the editor who had fought their battles and whose newspaper property constantly waged war against shams and humbugs—silence, complete silence. Perhaps the majority thought he was given what newspaper editors, generally, deserved—a sort of vicarious atonement. Curious quirk of mind this evidences, doesn't it?

#### HIGH SCHOOL SECRET SOCIETY FOLLY

**T**HOSE parents who, in this state, have been inclined to uphold the rebellious attitude of their sons and daughters of pubescent age, intent on flouting the dictates of teachers and principals opposed to high school fraternities and sororities, have had opportunity within the last ten days to note the folly of their course, taking the Bridgeport incident as an object lesson. In the Connecticut high school case, the dispatches have informed us, a girl of seventeen, candidate for sorority membership, was subjected to an initiation that, although harmless enough in itself, had results so deleterious that the victim is now in a sanitarium, a nervous wreck.

Possibly, not more than one girl in a hundred would be any the worse for supping on macaroni boiled in soap, but as this one was blindfolded and was told that her first course was a diet of angleworms, her imagination worked havoc with her system. Oysters dipped in oil easily enough became pollywogs, and after she had taken a peep at a redhot poker, which, later, was thrust into a piece of raw meat, the odor of burning flesh following a "branding" process, cleverly simulated with the aid of candle grease, proved too much for her shattered nerves and by the time the novitiate was a full-fledged sister, she was also a physical and nervous wreck.

True, the girl was peculiarly susceptible to suggestion, but so also are thousands of others at her age, and even though ninety-nine in a hundred may emerge from the ordeal unscathed, the hundredth is sure to suffer just so long as the silly practice of maintaining secret societies in the high schools is allowed and novices are initiated. The fraternities subject candidates to tests in their way quite as nerve-racking and as ingeniously devilish as those devised by the sororities. Compelled to embrace cakes of ice while nude, branded with nitric acid, shocked by electricity until numbed limbs attest the power of the current are samples of the idiocy displayed by the foolish youngsters in initiations brought to the

attention of the public of late through the maldroit work of the conductors and to the lifelong regret of their victims.

What is to be done? asks the *Chicago Post* in commenting on these absurd yet dangerous practices. It is suggested that perhaps the young barbarians who compose the fraternities and sororities might receive in the opening weeks of every school year elementary instruction on the nature of the human body and on the working of the human mind, and especially on the interrelated workings of the two. "Simple physiology and elementary psychology," observes the *Post*, "may well take precedence of Latin and algebra, if they convey ideas that will safeguard the young from the thoughtless and ignorant cruelty of their mates." It is extremely doubtful, however, if even with such aid the immature minds could be trusted. The better way is to exclude with a firm hand the secret societies from the preparatory schools. Time enough for this form of diversion when the higher field of education is invaded.

#### GRAPHITES

It is hardly fair to spring on the Lincoln-Roosevelt candidate for the United States senate, Judge John D. Works, the language he employed two years ago in flaying President Roosevelt and scoring his administration. What Judge Works thought and wrote as a private citizen and the views he now publicly entertains as a candidate for high office, under the Roosevelt flag, are two vastly different propositions. Two years ago he was revealing himself; now, he is concealing himself. But the people seem to have taken a fairly good estimate of his fitness for the position to which he aspires, and while they have a high respect for his many virtues of heart and mind, we doubt if they are convinced he is of the sort of material that will prove useful in the senate. For Judge Works, per se, we have great respect, but as a candidate for the United States senate we think his indorsement by the Lincoln-Roosevelt executive committee an egregious blunder that will probably result in electing a Democratic legislature.

In New York the sensation of the week has been the denunciation of W. R. Hearst and his methods by Mayor Gaynor at the annual meeting of the American Newspaper Association. In forcible language the mayor grilled Hearst for printing the facsimile of an indefensible expense voucher for a large amount that was chargeable to the preceding administration, but which, by the omission of the date line, appeared to have been approved by Mayor Gaynor. In defense, Mr. Hearst points out that the date line was in blue ink, and in photographing it did not show, which, it is only fair to say, is of common occurrence in newspapers operating etching plants. Mayor Gaynor's general deductions may be true, but in this specific instance we think he did the publisher an injustice.

Having completed his long walk across the continent, from Los Angeles to New York, Edward Payson Weston probably never again will undertake a similar feat, his advanced age prohibiting this tax on his system. In dwelling upon his achievement, the *New York Post* reminds us that, go as far as we like in cleaving the atmosphere or sailing the murky depths of ocean, we are destined to remain, in the end, children of earth, drawing sustenance from her and the resources and the strength and the agility which we utilize in speeding or diving or flying. It is added: "Long after Zeppelins and biplanes and monoplanes have grown commonplace, people will still be walking on earth's pathways for the value of the effort and the joy of looking at green things. Walking is destined to remain for a good many years to come the favorite recreation of the lovers, philosophers and dyspeptics who make up the bulk of the world's population."

To this time no attempt has been made in any direction to pledge the Los Angeles delegation at Sacramento next winter to the support of the proposed constitutional amendment for the expected income tax. We have previously pointed out that unless there is an organized effort made to force this issue to the front it probably will not secure recognition next winter when the legislature meets. In that event, California is likely to be included with the states that will not vote to submit the issue to the people at the next general election following, as is desired by the national administration.



## THATCH OF PALMS, ADIEU TO YOU!

Thatch of palm, adieu to you!  
Good-bye! I wave a hand to you  
I loved you well! I love you now;  
I go, and say farewell to you.

What matters if the day be bright;  
What matter life or love or light?  
For me the clouds lie overhead;  
The trail leads out into the night.

The door is closed; I turn to go,  
My head is bowed, my step is slow;  
The coming years of keen regret  
Only the exile's heart may know.

Thatch of palm, adieu to you!  
Good-bye! I wave a hand to you!  
I loved you well; I love you now;  
I go, and say farewell to you.

—KATHARINE HARTMAN.

## FROM THE GOLDEN GATE

IN LESS than two hours San Francisco wiped out one of the arguments that has been raised against the Panama exposition being held here, and set up in its stead the most positive and potent argument of all. So long as no funds had actually been subscribed, the opponents of San Francisco's ambition had a ready weapon at command. At the end of that historic meeting on the floor of the Merchants Exchange, San Francisco, with more than four million dollars in hand, had given the surest warrant of good faith and of ability to consummate a colossal undertaking. It was the most enthusiastic meeting ever held in this city of enthusiasms, and the result far exceeded the most sanguine predictions of the exposition workers. The committee now in Washington, headed by Governor Gillett, has now, it is believed, a comparatively easy task ahead of it. If "money talks," San Francisco certainly has spoken loud enough.

\* \* \*

How much of that four-million-dollars-in-four-hours record is due to the personality and the wit of the young merchant who presided as auctioneer cannot be calculated, but "Larry" Harris surpassed himself. The right word at the right moment bubbled from his lips from first to last, without a second's hesitation. Slender in build and boyish-looking, he was completely the master and the inspiration of the hour. It was Harris, by the way, who wrote "The Damnedest Finest Ruins" which of the scores of poems written on the big disaster is alone likely to live.

\* \* \*

On the face of it, Mayor McCarthy made a fatal mistake when he gave the chairmanship of the police commission to a saloonkeeper. However high a reputation Harry Flannery may have borne, however great the political service he may have rendered McCarthy, the appointment was certain to breed trouble. But no one ever dreamed that it would cause the scandal and fiasco that were precipitated last week. Flannery is proprietor of the most conspicuous and valuable saloon in the city, at the corner of Market, Geary and Stockton streets. He owns the building and is reputed to be worth a quarter of a million dollars. Even if he should succeed in clearing himself of the charge of grand larceny on which his indictment by the Marin county grand jury was based, his intimate relations with the most notorious bunco-steerer in the country are confessed by his own handwriting. Apparently, there is at present nothing to support a criminal charge but the word of this self-same bunco-steerer, "Joe" Abbott, yet Flannery's connection with him is more than enough to finish his political career.

\* \* \*

There are many who believe that the Flannery affair is only the beginning of a carefully planned warfare to wreck the McCarthy administration; that its promoters care nothing for Flannery, but hope that the exposure may cause sufficient agitation to start a recall campaign on the mayor. Meanwhile, McCarthy has gone to Washington as a member of both the exposition and Hetch Hetchy committees. Before his departure he handed out a warm letter of defiance to his enemies, in which he dared them to do their worst, and threw down the gauntlet for a recall. Open war now has been declared between McCarthy and the Examiner, and it is certain to be a fight to a finish. McCarthy's personal honesty is not impugned. He is honest but headstrong, and has a colossal faith in his own judgment and power. He does not seem to believe that the Flannery fiasco can injure either himself or his administration.

\* \* \*

There has been a periodical spasm of indignation against the prize ring, caused by the tragic death of a twenty-year-old pugilist last week. But

it is to be feared that when the sermons have been preached and the resolutions passed, "the game" will speedily recover from the blow. The classic encounter at Emeryville, with which the nation's birthday is to be celebrated, will continue to engross the attention of at least half the population, and for the next two months we are to be nauseated with every morsel that can be picked up from the back doors of Mr. Jeffries' and Mr. Johnson's training camps. But let no man think that San Francisco has a monopoly of this taste. Pick up almost any eastern paper, and you will find that the public appetite for this sort of stuff is quite as strong as in California. On the whole, it is much better to go to a prize fight than to read about it. There are unlimited opportunities in San Francisco to witness fights, and the more familiarity the discerning acquire, the greater must be their contempt. If the Jeffries-Johnson fight should turn out to be the colossal money-making fake that many well-informed men believe, it will do more to cure the prize ring mania than the deaths of a dozen ill-starred Tommy McCarthys.

\* \* \*

Political gossip is as scant as it is unsatisfactory. Confusion still reigns in the camp of the Republican regulars, and there is very little enthusiasm over Theodore Bell among the Democrats. Mr. Herrin's visit to Southern California has been made the subject of speculation. As a matter of fact, he went to Los Angeles simply and solely on electric railway business. The Southern Pacific "machine" today is largely a figment of the imagination—particularly of Hiram Johnson's. If the truth were known, it would be found that Herrin has not stirred in the present state campaign. That fact should puncture some of the wind bags that Hiram Johnson has been turning adrift all over the state for the last six weeks, but a good many people, particularly in the cow counties, are loth to part with either their idols or their targets.

\* \* \*

Stanton's health continues to cause the press bureaus of his rivals much concern. As he continues to gain strength south of the Tehachapi, the alarm grows greater.

R. H. C.

San Francisco, May 3, 1910.

## BROWSINGS IN AN OLD BOOK SHOP

STRICTLY speaking, this is not a browsing, excepting insofar as I ranged through the Old Book Shop this week in search of authorities to controvert a philological point raised by my friend, Roy Jones of Santa Monica. Roy, for whose opinion on literary matters and the niceties of the English language I have the highest respect, has taken issue with me on the use and abuse of the word "couple." We were discussing Theodore Roosevelt's abattoir articles in Scribner's, and I ventured to criticise the colonel's overworked employment of the noun under consideration. I objected to his statement concerning the shooting of a "couple" of springbok, and a couple of gazelle bucks at a "couple" of hundred yards, after a "couple" of hours' canter, urging that one springbok or gazelle buck that was shot an hour ahead of the second, and a mile or so apart from the other, could not be coupled. Nor yet, I contended, could distance, measured in yards, be so labelled. As for the time designation, one hour follows another, even as one minute does that which precedes it, hence to attempt to couple hours that never lapse in pairs is indefensible. Moreover, I said, waxing earnest as I reflected on the careless disregard of the average individual in this respect, it is a part of speech that, unless used in its proper sphere, to express the right meaning, is grossly inelegant, and certainly indicates slovenliness in writing.

\* \* \*

I have a strong suspicion that, in his heart, Roy Jones thoroughly agreed with me, for I know him to be a great stickler for good English and exceedingly choice in his diction, but he dearly loves a controversy. For this reason, I am inclined to believe he at once ranged himself on the side of the colonel, vigorously defending his atrocious misuse of the word, and strengthening his argument by references to Webster, to the Century dictionary, quotations from the Bible, from Shakespeare, Sir Philip Sidney, Locke and other great but "passed" authorities occasionally found interpolating "couple" when "two" is meant. I let him pile Ossa upon Pelion without a protest, but when, with an ill-concealed note of triumph he asked if I were satisfied, I smilingly shook my head and countered by asking him if he had noticed that the English language had a trick of refining itself with age and what was acceptable to the purists of a hundred years ago

was by no means considered elegant diction in this day and age. Back and forth we tossed the moot word, I rejecting, he favoring, and neither yielding a letter. After dinner the subject was renewed, and the last sound that floated to my ears as I left his charming home at the Palisades, was his hospitable admonition not to wait a "couple" of months before coming again. I shot out my fist with a menacing gesture, and laughingly agreed. Two days later came a note from Roy, and accompanying it was what my incorrigible friend calls "A Few Couplets." They read as follows:

One Samuel T., with reasons supple,  
Denies that one may say a "couple,"  
As very many authors do,  
When they are merely meaning "two."  
To write or speak it never dare  
Unless perchance you mean a pair.  
O, shade of Samuel Pepys turn over!  
You've been defied by Samuel Clover:  
And Will of Avon, who, we thought  
In rather classic English wrought,  
Betake thyself unto the woods,  
Thou'st been discovered with the goods.  
The Bible, too (whoever wrote it)  
We feel at liberty to quote it),  
Has fallen in the selfsame error;  
And prophet Samuel looks in terror  
On Sam below, from realms seraphic  
As timidly he scans The Graphic.  
It really is a mental shock  
To find the same mistake in Locke,  
Or in the works of Philip Sydney,  
And many others of that kidney.  
The "Century" itself allows it,  
And Noah Webster, too, avows it.  
If such authorities abet us,  
Why need we let the matter fret us?

This clever, but impious composition was signed "R. J. (scripsit)." Now, for the lights of secular literature enlisted by Roy to serve his purpose, and also for Biblical authority I have a profound regard, but I, too, can fling back proof quite as strong as his Holy Writ, and fully as convincing as his profane writers are invoked to yield. To his clever rhyming argument I have responded with the following:

Let those who will the English language twist,  
On English undefiled I shall insist,  
And scorning specious arguments and pleas,  
Reject all fallacies and sophistries.  
Shakespeare himself, as students oft have noted,  
To this effect has let himself be quoted:  
That words so false are grown, to prove their reason  
Becomes a task one hesitates to seize on.  
And Ruskin, that great purist, spurning faults,  
Taught that the language its own art exalts,  
So long as words in faithfulness are founded  
And in sincerity and truth are grounded.  
Southey, that picture builder, in his turn  
Said words, the more condensed, the deeper burn.  
Let us be simple in our speech and clear,  
Guarding the English language we hold dear;  
Remembering ever, with the Concord sage,  
The simpler word adorns the printed page.  
And turning now to Proverbs there we find  
An admonition from a well-stored mind,  
That he who knowledge hath his words will spare,  
Nor give offense by too redundant air.  
So Locke, whose subtle style all purists heed,  
For niceties of words is found to plead.  
Sir Philip Sidney labored at a time  
When poets wrote in halting, painful rhyme,  
When literature and language both were crude  
And words and meanings angular and rude.  
Webster himself the import has made plain:  
To "couple" is to link or tie in twain,  
Hence it is clear that hours and miles and things,  
That pass in single file on fleeting wings,  
May not be joined or coupled or transfused,  
Except the English language is abused.

Furthermore, I would remind him and all others who defend this incorrect usage of the word "couple" by quoting ancient authorities, that Thomas de Quincey has told us "all languages tend to clear themselves of synonyms as intellectual culture advances—the superfluous words being taken up and appropriated by new shades and combinations of thought evolved in the progress of society." Prof. George P. Marsh, the eminent philologist, in quoting approvingly this passage gives Webster's definition of synonyms as follows: "A noun or other word having the same signification as another is its synonym. Two words having the same idea are synonyms." Professor Marsh argues that this definition, "to contain the same idea" is erroneous. Clearly, the lexicographer is at fault when he undertakes to say that "couple" is the precise equivalent of "two." His own definition proves the contrary. Dr. William Mathews, in his "Words; Their Use and Abuse," says of "couple" "When two persons or things are joined or linked together, they form a couple. The number of things that can be coupled is comparatively small, yet the expression is in constant use; as 'a couple of books,' 'a couple of partridges,' 'a couple of weeks,' etc. One might as well speak of 'a pair of dollars.'" S. T. C.



# Famous War Chiefs I Have Known and Painted

BY E. A. BURBANK

## WHITE SWAN (Crow Indian)

WHITE SWAN was one of General Custer's most trusted scouts. He was with the long-haired chief at the massacre of the Little Big Horn, June 25, 1876. Just before the fight took place several of Custer's Indian scouts deserted him, and White Swan explained that there were too many Indians for them; that it would be a one-sided fight, but that he would stick by him to the end, which he did. The second day after the battle, when Terry's soldiers were burying the dead, they found White Swan, to all appearances dead, but finally noticed that there was life in him, with faint hopes of recovery.

In the fight White Swan received three wounds; he was shot in the leg, and one bullet passed through his hand in such a manner that it paralyzed the muscles, crippling him for life. The other wound was a terrific cut on his forehead, made by a tomahawk, leaving an ugly scar. White Swan became deaf and dumb as a result of this wound.

When he posed for me for a portrait he dressed and painted as though he was to attend a Crow Indian dance. He was nude to the waist, and wore three eagle feathers on his head, each painted red, representing the three wounds received in the Custer fight. His forehead was painted red, also each side of his face and neck, to represent blood flowing from the scar on his forehead. On his arms fourteen red stripes were painted, to indicate the number of Sioux he killed in that fight. In addition were five yellow stripes below the others, representing the five Cheyennes he killed in the battle. Besides these he killed a soldier by knocking him on the head with his gun, for deserting.

At the time I met White Swan in 1897, he lived near Crow Agency and close to the Custer battle grounds. He was then about 45 years old. It was a pleasure for him to show interested people the Custer battlefields, the different positions of the Indians and of the soldiers who took part in that fight. On account of White Swan's affliction, he was an expert in the Indian sign language, and when Capt. H. L. Scott (since promoted) was stationed in that part of the country, he and White Swan became close friends. Captain Scott has given White Swan great credit for his knowledge of the Indian sign language, in which the captain was always

deeply interested, and in recent years has written an able book on the Indian sign language. It was through Captain Scott's influence that White Swan received a pension from the government a few years before he died.

As White Swan was himself an artist and much interested in my work, he was my constant companion. His favorite pastime was to draw and paint, and if he could have received proper instructions I believe he would have made a marked success. I told him one day that if he would

make a lot of pictures for me I would pay his board at the hotel, which he gladly accepted. In return he made for me a complete set of pictures of the part he took in the Custer battle.

White Swan was of a happy, congenial disposition, and dearly loved to tell a joke on a white man or an Indian. One day a Sioux brave called at my studio while White Swan was sitting for me. It seems this Sioux took part in the Custer battle, and as they exchanged experiences in the

Big Horn heights before he received the fearful blow that left the scar.

White Swan was a thorough Indian, and lived as his predecessors had done for centuries, as near as he could. His home was the Indian tepee, which he and his wife and several children occupied.

One day an old medicine man was sitting for me and the room was full of Indians, White Swan being among them. The medicine man had with

him his different native remedies in a bag. In a little while he stood up and rubbed a stone over the heart of each one present in the room. He explained that if any of us had had a bad heart it was now made into a good one. He had a long pipe which he filled with tobacco and lit it and passed it around for all to take a puff. When the pipe was returned to him, he first pointed it to mother earth, then to the east, west, north and south, but in pointing the pipe to the west he leaned too far back and toppled over, his medicines and pipe rolling in every direction.

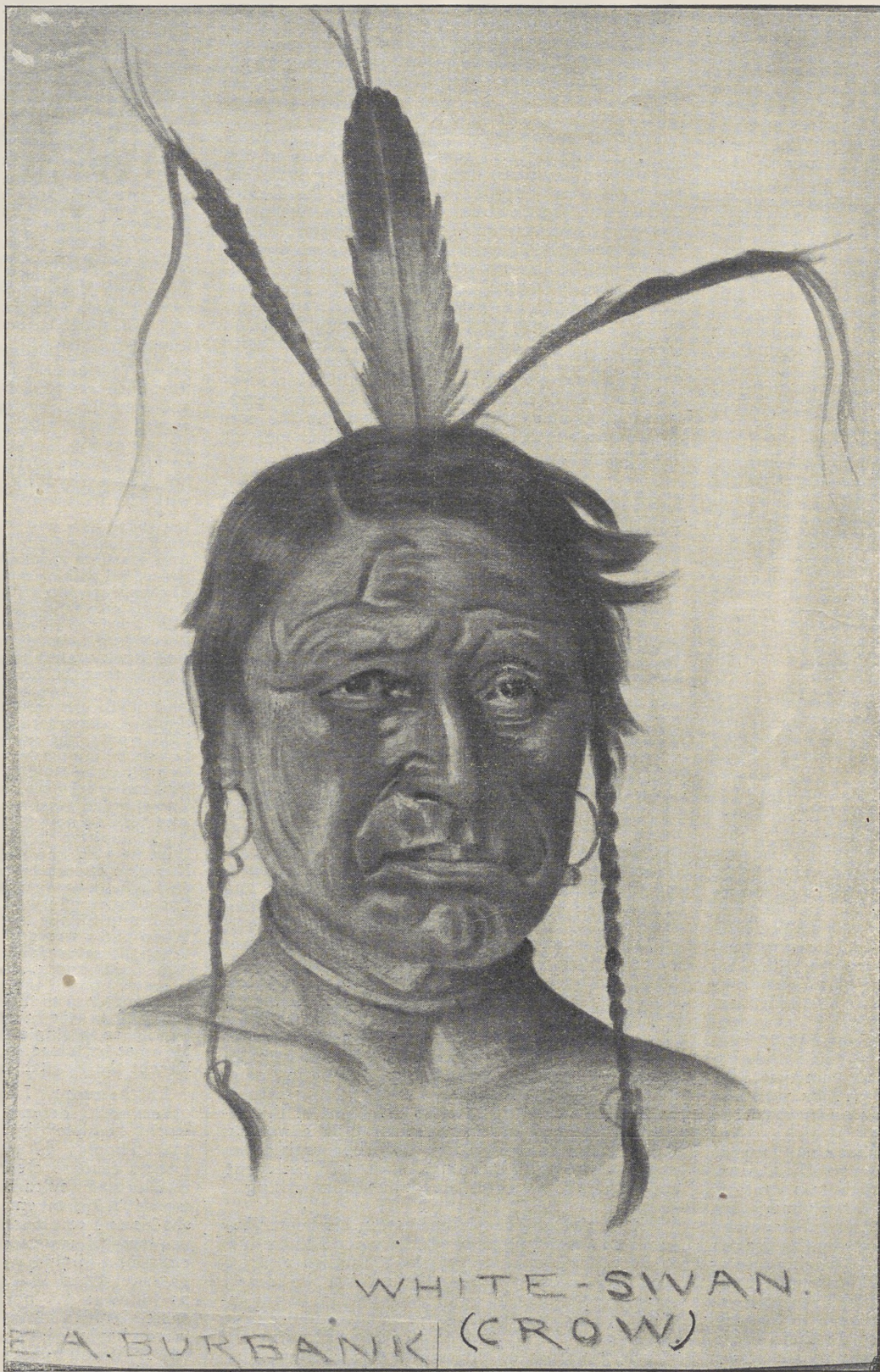
It was a comical sight, as he was a tall man, with long, slim legs. All the Indians present held their hands to their mouths to keep from laughing aloud, as they did not wish to embarrass the old man, for whom they had the highest respect. White Swan, however, was forced to leave the room, and from my window I saw him holding on to his sides, laughing as heartily as he could. When he returned he said he did not want to laugh like that in the presence of the old man, whose feelings he said he would not hurt for anything.

Afterward, on several occasions, I saw him describing in the sign language to Indians and white people, the old medicine man's ludicrous accident, and the chances are he told it to his dying day.

White Swan was well liked by all who knew him. I always found him honest and trustworthy. He was a great friend of the late Frederick Remington.

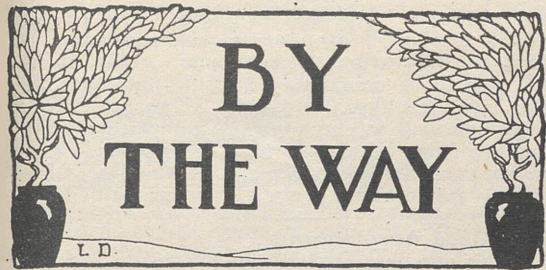
[White Swan was personally known to the editor of The Graphic, who interviewed the noted scout on the Crow reservation in 1890. He was wounded in a dozen places during that never-to-be-forgotten repulse at the ford, when Major Reno was forced to retreat to the bluffs without forming a coalition with Custer. White Swan was with the general until the forces

were divided, when he was assigned to accompany Reno. He was not with Custer in the final battle, hence escaped annihilation. Not a human soul survived the Custer massacre. Captain Keogh's horse, Comanche, was the only living creature found on the battlefield June 27, two days after the fight, when General Terry's relief column arrived. White Swan was a brother-in-law of "Curly," another Crow scout attached to Custer's main command, but who saved his scalp by deserting before the climax came.—Editor.]



sign language, their earnestness was fascinating to watch. Presently they would be laughing and joking together, as a bit of reminiscence was recalled that relieved the tension. It was amusing and yet pathetic to see these two Indians, once deadly enemies, now such good friends. When the Sioux pointed to the scar on White Swan's forehead, the latter proudly retaliated by calling to his attention the fourteen red stripes, each so vividly representing a Sioux warrior he had killed on that memorable day on the Little





### Facts are Against Tom Gibbon

It was with great regret and no little disappointment that I read the signed editorial announcement in the former esteemed Herald of last Sunday, denying that the general had dispossessed the putative president of the publishing company, Thomas E. Gibbon, and affirming that "in the whole Graphic article there was not one statement concerning the ownership and control of the Herald that was entirely true and most of them false." I wish the titular president, who appended his name to the statement, had particularized. Inasmuch as I had the details of the original purchase of the Herald from Tom Gibbon's own lips, and that nothing was set down in malice, I felt that I was most conservative in what I printed. Surely, Mr. Gibbon does not expect me to believe that he brought Blakely Hall here of his own volition and initiative, and surely he will not pretend to say that the statement he signed was wholly inspired by himself. It bears, unmistakably, the shifty Otisian watermark. It dodges, it squirms, it sidesteps. "There has been no change in the ownership" is reiterated. Well, technically, perhaps not, but does Mr. Gibbon pretend to say that the general has no voice in the management?

### Proof Strong as Holy Writ

It is notorious that when the Examiner folks have any plan to propose affecting the three dailies, whereby expenses may be curtailed, arrangements are made with Mr. Dennis, in charge of the Times circulation, who guarantees that Publisher Gibbon will acquiesce in what he accepts. Does not the Times furnish the white paper on which the Herald is printed? and is not Mr. Gibbon in frequent consultation with Harry Chandler? My office being next door to the Times, opportunities for noting this interchange of fraternal and business greetings are continuous. Can Tom Gibbon place his hand on his heart and declare before high heaven that the general has supplied none of the weekly deficits that have been a grueling feature of publication for many weary months? I have no quarrel with Mr. Gibbon, I admire his talents immensely, but he is a better special pleader than an editor man, and more successful as a promoter than as a publisher. This is not to his discredit; his training has been in the law and a lawyer's verbiage is too circumlocutory as a rule for the editorial page, which demands terseness, lucidity and directness of statement to be attractive and convincing. Yet has he done excellent work in suggesting and planning campaigns, which his able associates have carried out. Truth is, my brilliant colleague, Tom Gibbon, is trying to save his face, and in doing so has made his ultimate fall from the publisher's chair the harder, the more embarrassing for him. In seeking to maintain his political relations, to preserve his influence with the Democratic chieftains, which his newspaper affiliations would naturally foster, and, possibly, to nurse secret political ambitions, he is anxious to keep under cover the fact that his control of the Herald is by means of a rudder line that extends to the corner of First and Broadway.

### Here are the Cold Facts

I repeat what I printed in this column last week: that General Otis is the *deus ex machina* of the Herald, that the astute Harry Chandler is the real publisher, representing his father-in-law, who properly respects Harry's brains, and that Tom Gibbon's name—I believe at his own urgent request—is maintained as president of the company on the editorial page of the Herald. Denials are useless, the facts are as I have stated, and I am in nowise governed by ill-will in printing them. The public—and particularly the good government following—has a right to know that General Otis is the actual owner of the Herald, and that in supporting that paper, while despising its owner's policies, they are really helping to reduce the general's weekly deficit to the extent of their individual contributions. When Blakely Hall was placed in charge by the real owner was Tom's opportunity to explain his position to the public. It is too late now; he burnt his bridges last Sunday when he put his name to the general's dictated denial of The Graphic's statement, and

thereby committed an egregious mistake that he will live to repent. I repeat that I am greatly disappointed in his course; yet am I sorry, too, for his sake.

### Publisher Earl is Honored

There was a time when the Associated Press recognized San Francisco alone as entitled to representation on the western division of the advisory board. Gradually, Los Angeles won a right to representation and for several terms Gen. Harrison Gray Otis of the Times was given place in the councils. This year, at the annual meeting in New York, held last week, that other millionaire publisher, Edwin T. Earl, owner of the Express, was accorded the courtesy, his election to the western division advisory board of the A. P., together with R. A. Crothers of the San Francisco Bulletin, giving the two leading evening papers of Northern and Southern California representation. Mr. and Mrs. Earl have been in New York for a fortnight, the former in attendance at the Associated Press annual meeting and that of the American Newspaper Publishers' Association, which holds its sessions immediately following the final session of the Associated Press. A feature is the joint banquet of the two organizations, which took place this year in the grand ball room of the Waldorf-Astoria.

### Our Own Henry Gage Cartooned

In the current number of Life is a cartoon depicting our esteemed fellow citizen, former Governor Henry T. Gage, now minister to Portugal, in the act of presenting his credentials to the king and queen of that country. Minister Gage is seen curving his spine in a profound bow, his official document held before him, while at back and front, suspended from a pole resting on his shoulder, are numerous pairs of red-topped boots, which, presumably, symbolize the advent of a diplomat from the wild and woolly west. Too bad the governor's famous black slouch hat was out of the picture.

### New Club House in the Mountains

Ed Silent's and Harry Lombard's conception, a country club house in the heart of the mountains, yet not too far from the city to be inaccessible on account of the time consumed in reaching it, has proved most popular. The new resort, to be called the Craggs Country Clubhouse, is in the Topanga-Malibu mountains, about half way between Calabasas and Point Dume and on a most picturesque site Sumner P. Hunt will superintend the erection of an attractive club house, for which he has drawn the plans. There will be ten sleeping rooms, shower baths and other creature comfort equipments. The material for the building will be concrete and stone for the first floor, with rough lumber in the second. The interior will be finished in exposed rough timber, with a wide fireplace, capable of receiving immense logs. Shooting and fishing preserves on the large tracts of land controlled by the club will be carefully guarded. I understand the membership is to be confined to sixty heads of families. The initiation fee will be \$1,000 and running expenses are to be pro-rated. The route to Los Angeles by way of the Topanga and the Malibu boulevard is unsurpassed for glorious scenery. I am told that a waiting list already is announced.

### Jonathan Club's Prosperity

That wonderfully successful local institution, the Jonathan Club, is about to wind up another remarkable year, with a credit balance of about \$15,000 earned in the last twelve months. I am informed that the club treasury at this time contains upward of \$10,000 cash surplus, with about \$15,000 more out at interest, and with not a dollar's worth of indebtedness. If there is any such organization in the country with so fine a record I have not heard of it.

### Oil's Monthly Dividends

There was distributed this week a total of nearly three hundred thousand dollars to the stockholders of three oil concerns that have headquarters in this city. The list includes the Mexican Petroleum Company, the American Petroleum Company, and the Mexican Petroleum Company of Delaware, limited, of all of which corporations E. L. Doheny is the president. Every month this same amount is parcelled out through the same channels, most of the money remaining here, where a large majority of the shareholders of the three concerns live. As the Union and its affiliated companies distribute dividends in nearly double the sum mentioned, and as other of the smaller oil companies swell the total to about a million dollars a month that finds its way into the pockets of shareholders, and as the total sum expended for supplies is nearly as much more, one

can readily figure just what the oil industry is worth at this time to Southern California. Is it any wonder that we are gradually realizing that along with the citrus fruit yield and the tourist crop, Los Angeles has much to be thankful for, and should be especially grateful to those who have been and are devolving petroleum mining in California.

### Stuart O'Melveny's Natural Accession

Stuart O'Melveny is as fine a specimen of sturdy young manhood as Los Angeles ever sent to the state university, hence I am not surprised to find that of the thirteen captains of the University of California Cadets he has just been elected to the colonelcy of the regiment. I remember his little stunt of walking home from college two years ago in company with that other well-put-up youth, Sayre Macneil, a feat that both accomplished in good time without any fuss or feathers. Not only in athletics but in scholarship, Stuart is in the forefront, thereby proving the transmission of hereditary traits. His father, Henry W. O'Melveny is one of the most brilliant lawyers in California, with a catholic taste for reading and a fine love of outdoors. Like father, like son.

### Colonel Green One of Us

Col. "Bill" Green, formerly known as the Arizona copper king, who was commonly reputed to have lost his fortune of about forty million dollars, in the panic of four years ago, again is on his feet and, what is of equal interest, he has decided to become a permanent resident of Los Angeles. He has acquired the beautiful little mission home built for John H. Bradbury in the West Adams Heights section, having abandoned his proposed Redlands palace, that was to have rivaled anything of a similar character in Southern California. The financial depression so crippled Colonel Green that the Redlands house, then building, had to be given up, as the cost was found to be about twice what the owner had planned. Colonel Green has practically retired from active business, and while he will go to New York at times, Wall street will not see him again as an active factor in its maelstrom. Incidentally, the big copper investor might have been a United States senator from Arizona, when that territory is admitted to the Union; had he elected to stay in the new state. But in becoming a resident of Los Angeles, he puts a quietus on all political gossip concerning his senatorial aspirations.

### University Club's Proposed Summer Outing

There will be things doing next month with the University Club at the annual summer outing, if present indications are any criterion. One startling innovation is found in the announcement that the wives and daughters of the members are to be included, a plan that has caused the bachelor members to insist that sweethearts, properly chaperoned, ought to be invited. The objective of the trip is Coronado and the club will descend on Tent City en masse, Saturday, June 18, ushering in the season by its advent. A special train is to be provided and a stop will be made at San Juan Capistrano long enough to visit the mission. Saturday evening a huge bonfire, with songs and yells on the circular lines, will be featured. The San Diego University Club and its feminine contingent will be special guests of the Los Angeles invaders. After the clam bake, the annual initiation of neophytes will take place, of which I will say nothing. Many side trips are planned and the jolliest outing in years is confidently expected. D.V., I shall be present with my best girl.

### Showing How the Political Wind Blows

That insurgency is rampant among the rank and file of the Republican voters in Los Angeles as much as it is almost anywhere else, was illustrated in a striking manner a few days ago. The occasion was the delivery of a short talk by Thomas O'Donnell, an oil operator, before members of the Los Angeles stock exchange. O'Donnell was arguing in opposition to the Pickett bill, now before congress, wherein it is being sought to withdraw certain lands in this state from entry. It is claimed by the opposition that the object of the measure is to assist the big and powerful interests, at the expense of the smaller claimants, and O'Donnell, a fighting Democrat, severely criticized the Taft administration in the course of his remarks, and it was expected that it would evoke a protest from the audience, in which were many well-known Republicans. Not receiving this check, O'Donnell attacked President Taft and Secretary Ballinger more bitterly. Finally, it was suggested that O'Donnell cut out partisan politics and confine himself to the subject, which he promised to do. At this stage Luther Green, a Republican member of the exchange, moved that the speaker be permitted to harangue as he



saw fit, and the proposition was carried with a whoop. After that, O'Donnell went after Secretary Ballinger and his policies, hammer and tongs, to the huge delight of his hearers, who applauded whenever they had a chance. Such a spectacle was a novelty in a Los Angeles audience.

#### Bane, Like Lovelace, Falls

With the dereliction of Ralph Bane, city treasurer of Santa Monica, whose recent absconding with the public funds has stirred the beach city to its center, the notorious poker game that so long disgraced the ocean front has found another victim. Originally, an older crowd used to meet at the Holborough Hotel, now the Savoy, at Pier avenue and Trolley Way, for gambling purposes, and when that game became too rank and odorous, the scene shifted to the Hotel Decatur, where a younger element was drawn in, of which poor Lovelace and Bane were regulars. High stakes were the rule, and as a result the ruin of several of the players followed. One young man committed suicide; Lovelace, postmaster and editor of the Ocean Park Journal, proved a defaulter and was sentenced to San Quentin for a term of years, and now Ralph Bane, another of the group, bids fair to meet a like fate when apprehended. Inasmuch as Bane's predilection for poker was notorious, his elevation to a responsible office, which paid a salary of only \$125 a month, is a reflection on the voters. Like the late "Tom" Hayes of Riverside, once a member of this poker-playing crowd, Bane is of a generous, lovable nature, but lacking decision of character. His weakness proved his undoing.

#### Slightly Mixed on the Huttons

I was greatly edified last Sabbath by the presentation of the portraits of what the Examiner assured its readers were three superior court judges, to wit: Walter Bordwell, A. W. Hutton and Leon F. Moss. Judge Bordwell becomes presiding jurist, we are told, Judge Moss is to be "jury" judge, hearing all damage cases in which a jury is demanded, and Judge Hutton is to relieve Judge Hauser of the divorce cases. All true except that A. W. Hutton, whose picture was sandwiched in between Judges Bordwell and Moss, has not been on the bench in twenty years, but is a lawyer in good practice in this city, enjoying a high standing at the local bar. Of course, Judge George H. Hutton is the jurist to which the article referred, but, like many similar blunders in the past made by the same paper, the New York importations in charge of the Examiner city desks were unable to detect the mistake.

#### Two Local Boomers in Washington

Col. William M. Garland and F. J. Zeehandelaar are in Washington, having gone east to help San Francisco in securing federal recognition for the proposed Panama canal exposition. Both are the guests of a San Francisco exposition booming committee, and they expect to be away from Los Angeles for about a month. The Merchants and Manufacturers Association gave Zeehandelaar a leave of absence, and Colonel Garland represents the Los Angeles Realty Board, of which he is president.

#### What the Census Will Show

Whether or not the federal census figures will show a Los Angeles population of 300,000 or 350,000 is an interesting question these days. I see no reason for changing my early estimate that the count will exceed the first-named total by ten or fifteen thousand. It is certain that when the figures are tabulated it will be found that Los Angeles has achieved the most remarkable gain in population in the last ten years ever registered by any city, not only in the United States but in the world in the same time. Probably the next best record along similar lines will be scored by Seattle.

#### Governor Beveridge Joins the Silent Majority

Just a year ago I received a telephone message from Hollywood, informing me, as I understood, that former Governor John L. Beveridge had passed away. Too late to rectify the error, I learned to my chagrin that it was Mrs. Beveridge, the governor's wife, who had been summoned. This week news comes in sad truth that the fine old character had joined the majority on the other side, death coming to him Tuesday afternoon at his beautiful home in Hollywood, following an attack of pleurisy. The governor would have been eighty-six in July, having been born in New York state in 1824. He was educated in that famous old seminary at Mt. Morris, Ogle county—my beloved county—where Senator Cullom, the late Congressman Robert R. Hitt, Governor Richard J. Oglesby and other men notable in the his-

tory of the state, imbibed knowledge. As a major of the Eighth Illinois cavalry, in the army of the Potomac, he saw active service at the battles of Fair Oaks, Malvern Hill, Fredericksburg and Gettysburg. He was governor of Illinois from 1873 to 1877, after serving as congressman and filling various other offices of honor. Since 1895 he had lived in Hollywood, close to the home of his son, Philo J. Beveridge. One other child, Mrs. Samuel B. Raymond of Chicago, survives the noted Illinoisan.

#### Nothing Unreasonable in This Rule

That is an eminently sensible rule promulgated by General Manager Howard Huntington of the Los Angeles Street Railway Company, notifying passengers that conductors on that system cannot be expected to furnish change for bills or coin beyond the five-dollar limit. The average conductor would have to be a perambulating human bank to meet the many and unreasonable demands made by patrons for change. In Chicago and many other of the eastern cities there is a growl from conductors if a bill larger than two dollars is presented, but here we are more liberal in our treatment. If there are any street railways that show more accommodation to the public or give better service than the ones Los Angeles is proud to acknowledge, I have yet to hear of them.

#### Newton Skinner Credited With Subtlety

Newton J. Skinner, president of the All Night and Day Bank, is credited by shrewd business men as having deliberately invited the declination of the Clearing House Association to clear for the continuous institution. It is pointed out that he had upward of three-quarters of a million dollars on hand and was well fortified to stand a run, from which, having emerged victorious, his bank would be in stronger position than ever. I am not acquainted, personally, with Mr. Skinner, so cannot say whether or not he is subtle enough and daring enough to take such a step with deliberate intent. It were a risky procedure with the strongest of banks. Of course, everybody is glad that the bank has proved its strength and that no loss to depositors has followed, but I am wondering why the clearing house declined to add to its membership in this instance, when the report of Bank Examiner Alden Anderson apparently furnished no grounds for refusal.

#### George Stewart a Winner

To this time there has been but little interest displayed in the special election to be held next month to fill existing city council vacancies. Dr. A. D. Houghton professes to be convinced that he has a chance to land one of the chairs, but not many I have talked with hold a similar view. That George Stewart will win in a walk seems to be generally conceded.

#### What Ed North Found in San Diego

From San Diego I am in receipt of an interesting public document, the exhaustive audit of that city's municipal accounts, made by Los Angeles' expert accountant and systematizer, Edward North, familiarly known in University Club circles as "Bamboo-tree Ed." Invited by Mayor Conard to examine the municipal books, Ed North put in eight weeks of conscientious work, whose results are now made public. He found no defalcations, which with grim irony he notes is a matter of congratulation, since the lack of proper checks on funds handled by different departments he considers a temptation to crime. In substantiation, he points out numerous cash shortages in various departments, due, in his opinion, to carelessness rather than to dishonesty. Among the unbusinesslike methods pursued in the purchase of supplies, the most flagrant appears to have been in connection with the printing of election ballots. Here is his terse story of a petty graft: The registered vote of San Diego is ten thousand. The political code requires that only one sample ballot be provided for each registered voter, yet 35,000 sample ballots were ordered printed for the general election last year, and 20,000 for the primary. One concern charged \$17.37 a thousand, and the other (both San Diego printers), \$15.28. This same work could have been done at a profit by Los Angeles printers for \$3.50 a thousand, including the furnishing of the paper, or \$1.75 a thousand, the city supplying the stock. Mr. North urges that estimates be invited in future and that the local "combine" be made to restore to the city treasury the amount stolen from the taxpayers. Other examples of carelessness or worse are cited, showing that the city has been unnecessarily gouged in various other directions, due to the faulty system in operation. A discrepancy of \$280,000 in the bond register was discovered, extending over a twelve-year period, and overlooked

by previous "experts" employed. Mr. North makes a number of practical suggestions in regard to the various departments, which, if followed, will be conducive to results far better for the city's welfare. Perhaps Mayor Alexander might do well to emulate the example set by the mayor of San Diego and turn Expert North loose on the municipal accounts of Los Angeles. I venture to say it would prove a good investment.

#### Two Good Appointments

In his appointment of John Parkinson and Fred E. Pierce as Sixth district agricultural fair directors, Governor Gillett evidently planned to inspire confidence in the community in regard to the state's building operations in the park section. Mr. Parkinson is one of the city's most prominent architects, and Mr. Pierce is a well-known business man, who, as a member of the legislature, made an enviable record. At present he is engaged in the banking business.

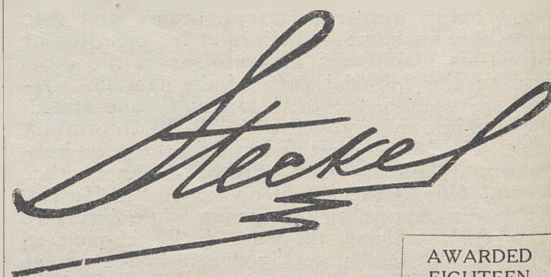
#### Forcing Promotion on Judge McComas

Assistant Attorney General C. C. McComas is the way he is referred to by the esteemed Times. As Judge McComas has been a deputy prosecuting attorney of Los Angeles county for many years, such a lapsus calami is inexcusably careless.

#### Mission of the City Playgrounds

Echo Park playground was the scene of the second annual May Day festival Saturday, with an attendance of fifteen thousand in the afternoon and ten thousand in the evening. On both occasions interesting programs were presented, the afternoon providing special entertainment for the children. The premier event of the festival was the crowning of pretty Ethel Pruett of the Slauson avenue playground, who was chosen Queen of the May. After this auspicious occurrence, the children gathered about the tall Maypole, with its long streamers of ribbons and smiles, and pirouetted through the old English May dance. A number of pretty fancy dances were given by the school girls, acrobatic feats and club drills were offered by the boys, and a frolic of flowers ended the program. In the evening a number of folk dances furnished diversion to the large crowd. The affair attracted to Los Angeles a number of visitors, interested in playground work, among the more prominent being George Dickey, superintendent of the Oakland playgrounds; F. J. Schlitter of San Francisco, and Mayor Evans of Riverside. Through the earnest efforts of a few Los Angeles women, whose sincerity won the support of a number of prominent men, the city playgrounds have become a feature of municipal affairs. That they are doing a prodigious amount of good is indisputable. I chance to know that more than one wayward boy, whose ultimate destination seemed the detention home, has been given a purpose in life by the recreation and discipline of the playgrounds. He is made a factor in playground matters; if he shows merit, he is given duties which imbue him with a sense of responsibility. And no less is it the saving grace of the girls, whose only place for pastime has been the streets. Tennis, basketball, baseball, bands, and club affairs have been of inestimable value to these "little citizens." The Chamber of Commerce has interested itself in the question of suitable representation for the fourth annual congress of the Playground Association, which is to be held in Rochester, N. Y., June 7-11. Two delegates from this city, E. J. Lickley, of the special schools, and Roy L. Haslett, director of Echo Park playground, have announced their intention of attending, and it is hoped that a number of others will follow suit.

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Californians, whether native born or by adoption, should make a point of adding Jerome Hart's "A Vigilante Girl" to their libraries; not for the title—it is, on the whole, inapposite—but because of the stirring pictures presented of California in the making, from the advent of the vigilantes to the late seventies, when life on the coast was still crude, and men's passions not yet under restraint. In a blending of history and romance, with the characters so lightly disguised by fictitious names that the originals are easily recognizable, Mr. Hart has depicted on a huge canvas the graphic scenes that to so many of the old timers are still fruitful topics of discussion whenever two or three pioneers are thrown together. Claim jumping, Judge Lynch's court, ante-bellum politics, vendettas, duels, intrigues—it is a strange mixture of men and events that is offered, with only a cursory view of the characters, but with a far more vivid perspective of the startling episodes treated.

Mr. Hart is at his best in descriptive narrative. Thus, the celebrated duel between Judge Terry and Senator Broderick, who figure as Tower and Burke, respectively, is a graphic piece of writing vying in interest with the legal battle for the Salem (Snaron?) millions and the shooting of Judge Tower by Judge Fox's bodyguard. He is not on so sure ground in his weaving of romance. In fact, the vigilante girl herself—a niece of Tower—might be eliminated and the book's interest would not be greatly diminished. A closer acquaintance with the old Titans whose reign ended with the advent of the railroad would be far more satisfactory than the recital of the tame wooing of Diana Wayne by Arthur Alden. Both characters are seen rather vaguely. Alden is a Boston exile, whose interrogations give the author opportunity to descant on the manners and customs of California in the late fifties and early sixties, both to Alden and his readers. At times this interlocutory habit becomes a trifle tedious, but never uninteresting. From the day Alden steps ashore until he wins Diana, his mouth is pursed to frame a question. He is peppered by road agents in an attempted stage robbery, is forced in self-defense to drive six half-wild horses over a rough mountain trail into a mining camp, and for this feat finds himself elected to the legislature, but of his experiences there nothing is ventured. One of Alden's adventures is to be arrested by the vigilantes of Gold Gulch camp on a murder charge, from which peril he is rescued by Diana, who makes a long ride in company with a Mexican road agent, whom she once befriended. Just why Alden's uncle, Judge Fox, one of the best-known men in the state, is not advised of his nephew's imminent danger is not apparent. When given the option of proving that he is not the man who committed the crime or dangling from the cross beam, it does not seem to occur to Alden to mention his relationship with the all-powerful Judge Fox.

Diana, the vigilante girl, rides like a vaquero and can talk Spanish like a native. She is a zealous defender of the vigilantes, but when her partisanship is put to the test, she finds that the law-and-order advocated by Alden is far safer and really more efficacious. Only occasional glimpses are given of her personality, and at no time is she brought into close range for a minute survey. It is because of this slight acquaintance with the heroine of the book that one turns with greater zest to the historic characters—to Senator Burke (Broderick), Judge Fox (Field), and Judge Tower (Terry). Even the shadowy form of the senile millionaire Salem (Sharon), with his bleary eyes fixed on the attractive figure of Sophia Lucretia, is of more interest to the reader than the elusive Diana.

While "A Vigilante Girl" to be thoroughly enjoyed demands a fairly good acquaintance with the more sensational episodes in the history of California, since the days of '49, even the tenderfoot can appreciate the story, minus the key. In this respect the book resembles

Carlisle's history of the French revolution, which, while presupposing an intimate knowledge of the events preceding the uprising of the populace, is yet full of interest to the unsophisticated reader. Half a dozen full-page wash drawings by John W. Norton fairly illumine the text, but not always accurately, as in the case of the opera party, facing page 82. So far as Mr. Hart is concerned, however, his offering, in large part, is a distinct addition to the California collection and for its historic descriptive bits especially it is a veritable treasure. ("A Vigilante Girl." By Jerome Hart. A. C. McClurg & Co.) S. T. C.

#### "Over the Quicksands"

Anna Chapin Ray has fallen into the quagmire of the problematic in her new book, "Over the Quicksands," and has mired herself unpleasantly deep in a situation that cannot fail to repel even the distorted minds of the problem-novel devourer. A book whose plot depends upon the love of a brother and sister who fall in love with each other, unaware of their real relationship, seems to have no excuse for existence. It surely could have been written with no purpose, save for sordid reasons, and it is repugnant rather than entertaining. True, Mrs. Ray has a sparkling manner of portraying the gayeties of social life in Quebec—the quaint city in which her story is largely laid—she has a gift of quiet humor and a good character touch, but it would seem that she has misused her abilities. In the past she has contributed a number of stories which have made her justly popular with the younger reading class—clean, wholesome books of contemporary life—and it seems a pity that she should cast a cloud over the pleasant sunshine of their memory by inflicting this latest deformity on the public. The book is so unnecessary. ("Over the Quicksands." By Anna Chapin Ray. Little, Brown & Co.)

#### Magazines for May

Selections from David Henry Junior Holmes' book of poems, "Under a Fool's Cap," comprise the Biblot for May. The young Kentuckian, who died within the last two years, took the old tags of nursery rhymes for his themes and wrote variations upon them in a way that grips the reader when it does not astonish him. A review of "Under a Fool's Cap" by Norman Roe precedes the selections and gives additional interest to the lyrics. Of those printed, "The Old Woman Under the Hill" is perhaps the most finished bit of work, and "Margery Daw" the saddest. Why Bobby Shafto never came back is told, a new version of King Cole is given. "The Old Man in Leather" is proved to be a book worm, and the tragedy of "Humpty Dumpty" takes on a direr aspect. The collection closes with this exquisite epilogue:

When I began this loose handful of rhymes,  
I had no other purpose than to vary  
Thy solemn saws and sayings centenary  
With fresher costumes and new pantomimes,  
Dear Mother Goose; that, as in olden times,  
So now, thou shouldst still be the bounteous  
fairy  
Who brings rich gifts of mirth—a drone's  
vagary,  
As one who sets a wording to the chimes;  
But as the work went on, the purpose heighten'd,  
For verses like the wind, blow where they list—  
It is not thou who peest through the mist  
Of childish dreams, the greying years off-fright-  
ened,  
But one—a mother's face—with eyes love-light-  
ened,  
Who used to bend above me to be kissed.

One of the interesting features of the May Pacific Monthly is Arthur Chapman's narrative of "The Men of the Pony Express," being reminiscences of the west in the early days. Prof. T. J. J. See contributes a paper of current interest, "What We Know About Comets." Given first place in the issue is Arthur Pierce Vaughn's article, "A Holiday in Aino-land," and another story of interest dealing with the natives of foreign countries is Jack London's "The Amateur Navigator." Fiction includes "The Drama of the Bulls" by John Kenneth Turner; "The Education of Jimmy," by Arthur R. Andre; "Hard a'Port," by Alfred E. Bennett; "The Scouts of the Cross-Tie Trail," by Harry B. Allyn, and "His Sub-Conscious Education," by J. R. Perkins.

May's issue of the World's Work contains an interesting resume of current topics. In the March of Events department are featured "The Philanthropic Trust," "Curing Blindness Before it Happens," "The Comet," "American Help for Liberia," "About Maga-

zines—Quick and Dead," "The President and Congress" and other subjects. "A 'Wild-Cat' Insurance Company" is the subject of an informing paper. Herbert N. Casson writes of "The Future of the Telephone," illustrated from photographs. "The Precarious Control of the Mississippi" is by Maj. M. L. Walker and W. P. McCadden. A timely topic is "Mr. Roosevelt—What Next?" "What the Middle West Wants" is by Henry Wallace. Many other strong articles are included in this number.

In Lippincott's for May the novelette is "The Glowworm," a compelling, thoroughly interesting story of love and adventure by Will Levington Comfort. Short stories include "A Bed of Justice," by Mary Imlay Taylor; "Police-man Flynn and the Tame Bear," by Elliott Flower; "The Balloon 'Terra-Contrà,'" by Helen Talbot Porter; "Gran'ma," by Luellen Teters Busse-nius; and "The Heiress and the Orphan," by Augusta Kortrecht. In the Ways of the Hour department are featured "The Day of the Poor," by Edwin L. Sabin; "A Postal Savings Bank," by Willard French; "Medicinal Literature," by Ellis O. Jones; "Hope Takes Another Spring," by Phil Collom, and "The International Pest of Anti-Militarism," by George Allan England.

"Ching Wong, the Craftsman" is the subject of an entertaining article by Walter A. Dyer in the May Craftsman. "The New York Exhibition of Independent Artists," by Robert Henri, is enhanced by reproductions of many of the most striking paintings. Zenobia Camprubi-Aymar writes of "Valencia, the City of the Dust," this being the place where Sorolla lives and works. A contribution from the pen of the editor is on the "Co-operative Stores in England," concerning a system of economical distribution that has solved the problem in that country of high prices. Other of the notable articles of the issue are "Making Good Homes Possible For Even the Very Poor," a philanthropy conducted on strict business principles; "Some Buildings of Our Own Time," the work of William L. Price, an architect who stands by his own beliefs, and "Modern Country Homes in England," by Barry Parker.

In the American Magazine for May first place is given Hugh S. Fullerton's "The Inside Game," an article on the science of baseball. One of the strongest of the contributions is "The Hired City," by James Oppenheimer, being a graphic depiction of the great manufacturing city of Pittsburgh. Interesting people discussed are Henry M. Alden, Victor L. Berger, Edwin Hawley and Abe Martin of Brown county. Jane Addams contributes "Autobiographical Notes Upon Twenty Years at Hull House." "Probing the Pullman Company," by Lunn Haines, will appeal to many. Short stories include "Meg," by James Oppenheim; "Ernest and the Case of Old Mudguards," by Inez Haynes Gilmore; "How Horatius Kept the Bridge," by Emery Pottle; "A 'Sporting' College," by Ian Hay, and "In the Hour of His Youth," by John Fleming Wilson.

Current Literature for May is a storehouse of good things worth reading. Its special features tell of Colonel Roosevelt and the papal incident, Milwaukee's Socialist mayor, lords of England versus commoners and "Through the Tail of Halley's Comet." The dramatic selection for the month is John Galworthy's labor play "Strife." An illustrated review of Rostand's "Chantecler" is of especial interest. Literature and art, glimpses of recent poetry, and snapshots of current literature add to the attractiveness of the number.

Country Life in America combines a touch of spring in the make-up of its May issue. First place is given over to David Gray's illustrated article on "Riding and Falling," depicting how to avoid accidents in cross-country riding and showing that it is not so dangerous a pastime as it is pictured. "The Little Salmon of the Springs" is an article which will appeal especially to the lover of good fishing. Wilhelm Miller contributes a paper on "Successful American Gardens," this being the second of a series of papers on this subject which will convey practical suggestions to people of moderate means. Other interesting papers include "Baby Moose," by A. W. Dimock; "How One Woman Keeps Bees," by Mabel Tuke Priestman; "My Ex-

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perience With a Three-Acre Farm," by W. H. Jenkins; "Mowing the Lake," by the Fullertons, and "The New Sport of Flying," by Augustus Post.

Among the leading articles of the May issue of the Review or Reviews is an article by Walter Wellmen on the return of Roosevelt. There is also an editorial comment on the European incidents and the political significance of Mr. Roosevelt's return. The number also contains special articles and editorial comment on the "Primary Reform and the Popular Rebuke of Bossism in American Politics." "Waste in Public Expenditures" is the subject of an exposition by ex-Governor Myron T. Herrick of Ohio. An account of the "Taking and Tabulating of the Census," by Director E. Dana Durand, is entertaining, as is a paper by the Hon. A. Platt Andrew, director of the mint, on the recent International Medallic Exhibition. Contributions on South American Progress and Prospects, and the new nature photography of A. Radcliffe Dugmore, are also included with other timely topics.

Harper's for May contains a budget of entertaining fiction, interspersed with articles of special interest. Robert W. Bruere writes of "The Good Samaritan, Incorporated," Charles H. Caffin offers an illustrated sketch of Thomas C. Gotch's paintings of childhood and children. "The Infidel City," is the title of Mary Heaton Vorse's interesting narrative of Tangier. Short stories include "Readjustments," by Sarah Barnwell Elliott; "Holy Mr. Harbert," by Majorie Bowen; "The House-top Room," by Jennette Lee; "The Gamblers," by Calvin Johnston; "The Sympathetic Part," by Norman Duncan, and "The Summoning Knock," by Florida Pier. Among other contributions are "A Merchant Prince of the Middle Ages," by Olivia Howard Dunbar; "The Aran Islands," by Maude Radford Warren, and "Ancient Crafts in Modern New York," by Philip Ver-rill Mighels.

Harper's Bazaar for May is out with a clever and entertaining paper by May G. Sutton, the tennis champion, on "Dress for Athletic Women."





EXHIBITIONS NEXT WEEK  
Kanst Gallery—General exhibition.  
Illington Court—General exhibition.

By Everett C. Maxwell

The Graphic takes pleasure in announcing to all who have been enough interested in the welfare of western art to follow the developments of the Sather gate affair, as it has been discussed in the daily newspapers, that many of the ridiculous statements made in these so-called "official reports" were purely fictitious and absolutely without ground. This is particularly true of the last highly-colored report which was supposed to have emanated from the regents of the university, and which stated positively that they had ordered Earl Cummings, the sculptor, either to remove his nude figure reliefs from the Sather gate or model new ones, fully draped, to replace them. Naturally, this unbelievable report of narrow-minded prudishness aroused the ire and indignation of all broad-minded art lovers throughout the country. I was delighted to find how quickly they retaliated and how much real feeling was manifested in what, had reports erred not, would have been a shame and a disgrace upon the golden escutcheons of the university at Berkeley and the state of California.

However, I regret to say that again the old adage, "Where there is smoke there is fire," proves itself in connection with this affair, and the end is not yet. Through the agency of Miss Anna Beckley, head of the art department of the Los Angeles public library, who has been probing the matter to find out just where the real trouble lies, I learn there has been a furore of public criticism regarding the nature of the relief decorations ever since the gate was unveiled. The purpose of the sculptor seems to have been completely misinterpreted and misunderstood. The religious contingent and some co-eds have led in the agitation. But the university authorities declare their intention of disregarding such biased opinion and state that they have no intention of removing the gates. The reply to Miss Beckley's letter to the university librarian, asking for a verification of the press reports, explains itself:

"Library of the University of California, Berkeley, California. Dear Miss Beckley: The delay in response to your inquiry of April 16 is not due to any neglect on my part. The 'commotion' regarding the sculptures on the Sather gate is purely a newspaper one. Naturally, there has been much criticism, pro and con, both among the university and town people, but it has not gone to such length nor has the subject been of such active discussion as the papers might lead one to imagine. Sincerely yours, J. C. ROWELL, Librarian.  
"April 22, 1910."

With the early closing of the Blanchard Art Gallery for the summer season, local art interest directs itself to the newly remodeled and much improved Kanst Gallery and the picturesque and handsome Illington Court Galleries recently opened at the corner of Grand avenue and Washington street by J. F. Boyd. At Illington Court can be found much to admire and much to criticize. Fortunately, I find on careful consideration that the good outweighs the bad, and that the bad might be worse. So far as the galleries are concerned, they are exceedingly attractive and fairly well appointed. The lighting is not a "top light," it is true, but as it filters through the soft cream gauze curtains, it is mellow and of ample strength. The range of vision is not great, and the wall tints perhaps a trifle high in key, but none of the work now hung is injured by these defects. The open court yard in the center is a joy and a delight. With its tropical foliage, splashing fountain, and pergola, it reminds one of a bit of exiled Spain or transplanted creole New Orleans. Best of all, Mr. Boyd has invited any of the artists who wish to sketch from models out of doors to make use of the court at any and all times. A long series of private views, teas, receptions and musicales have been planned by

artists and their friends for the enlivenment of the usually dull summer art season, and the court bids fair to be the nucleus of many delightful affairs. Thursday has been the day selected by Mr. Boyd for his official "at homes." Afternoons and evenings of this day, guests will be received by special invitation and music and refreshments will be a feature.

As the new catalogues for the present exhibition did not arrive in time for a complete review of the collection, I will give merely the list of exhibitors and title of their paintings, trusting to be able to present a more detailed review next week. Grace E. McKinstry, late of Minneapolis, is well and favorably represented by a "Portrait of a Gentleman" in oil, and seven excellent water colors. Eugene C. Frank of Glendale shows "Early Settlers," "Gray Day in Holland," "Verdugo Canyon," "Court Yard, Venice," "Indian Signal" and "Murray, Utah." Lillian Drain shows a nude study called "A Bit of Blue" and a group of monotypes. David Dun exhibits six California landscape studies. Henri Oneta, late of Valencia, Spain, shows a careful study of a Madrid "Market Place." Martin J. Jackson and Frank Coburn are well represented by characteristic work. Nellie Huntington Gere shows four charcoal water color studies. Regina O'Kane's one canvas is called "Les Ramparts." J. W. Theiss shows marine scenes in water color. Elizabeth Borglum contributes two grape studies and Helen E. Coan, Harry L. Bailey, Charles A. Rogers and Detleff Sammann have interesting groups of oil studies. Julia Bracken Wendt and Emilie Perry exhibit bas reliefs in plaster and bronze. Miniatures are displayed by Mary Harland and Helen Kleinschmidt. Charles Nemethi's work in wrought copper and brass is praiseworthy, as is also the craft jewelry by Mrs. Rufus P. Jennings of Berkeley. Pottery from the Koring Manufactory of Belfast, Ireland, attractive antiques, and ceramics add charm to the gallery. Imported paintings are: "Turkish Checker Player," a water color by Trojani; "The Cherubs," by Giorgio Barbarelli (pupil of Bellini), under date of 1600; "Inspiration," by Telemaque Eksergian (1880); copy of "Old Man" by Rembrandt, by Magendie. This collection will be changed from time to time. A jury and hanging committee will pass upon all work submitted. The public is welcome at all times.

J. F. Kanst is to be felicitated on the success he is making in the field of local art as a dealer in high-grade paintings and an advocate of art interests generally. His Spring street gallery again is open to the public, after having been closed for several weeks, in which time it has been remodeled into a well-appointed and commodious exhibition room. The wall space has been enlarged to more than treble its former hanging capacity, and the color is changed from an unpleasant blue-green to a delightful atmospheric gray, just warm enough to be cheerful without detracting from the canvases. The lighting also is greatly improved. At present, the general exhibition, while very interesting, is not new, most of the pictures having received notice in previous reviews. A week from Monday this gallery will open with an entirely new display, which will include work by Benjamin C. Brown, Frank M. Gamble, Granville Redmond, Charles A. Fries, Hanson Puthuff, John W. Rich, F. J. Girardin and Eugene Frank, along with a number of model canvases from well-known eastern and European artists.

The exhibition at the Fine Arts Gallery, Long Beach, will be entirely changed after next week. Monday week it will open with the new collection.

Emilie S. Perry, the sculptor, entertained her friends at a reception at Illington Court last Saturday afternoon.

Grace E. McKinstry gave a studio tea at her Illington Court studio Thursday of this week. Miss McKinstry has chosen Thursday afternoons for her reception day throughout the summer season.

Benjamin C. Brown, who recently closed his annual spring exhibition in Pasadena, reports the sale of sixteen

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canvases. Six of these went to St. Louis connoisseurs, two Iowa art lovers, one to San Francisco, and the remainder stays in and about Los Angeles and Pasadena. Mr. Brown is to be congratulated.

Lillian Drain has begun work upon the portrait of a prominent young society woman which bids fair to be a striking likeness.

Herbert J. Hallett has taken a studio at 403 Blanchard Hall for the exhibition of high-grade ancient and modern paintings. The formal opening will be announced later.

### Dr. Richard Burton's Return Lectures

Dr. Richard Burton of the University of Minnesota, who made a more than favorable impression when he visited Los Angeles two years ago, will give a course of six morning lectures upon the Modern English Drama at the Cum-nock School of Expression's summer school course. Dr. Burton draws from a large fund of knowledge concerning his subjects, which include Truth Seekers; Jones, Pinero, Galsworthy; Wits and Dreamers; Barrie, Wilde, Yeats; Preachers: Shaw, Zangwill, Bennett, Barker; Poets: Phillips and others; Americans Who do Not Publish: Gillette, Thomas, Klein, Tarkington, Wilson; Americans Who Publish: Fitch, MacKaye, Moody, Peabody, and others.



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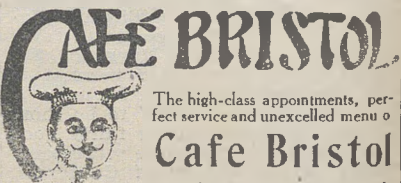
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By Blanche Rogers Lott

An evening pronounced by many of the leading musicians here as the most profitable and enjoyable one ever known in Los Angeles, passed only too quickly Thursday of last week with the Flonzaley Quartet. What is acknowledged to be the highest form of music by musicians—chamber music—was portrayed by artists whose life work is and has been for several years devoted to this ideal music. One naturally expected much, yet was not disappointed. The program of the single concert given here was a delightful one. The Mozart quartet in C major being familiar to most everyone was all the more welcome. The Sonata for three (two violins and the cello), by LeClair, though more than two hundred years old, was to my knowledge never played here before, and brought the question to mind, "Has music itself improved so much? Hasn't rather the performance of it vastly improved through the modern artist?" To a musician starved for this kind of music, any idea of criticism is out of the question. The rendition of the program, especially the Schumann quartet, op. 41, No. 1, proved the players to be worthy of their eminent position, and one cannot help pondering the fact that with the hundreds of professional musicians who earn satisfactory livings in Los Angeles, the audience was a small one. However, its appreciativeness was not lacking. The enthusiasm of these listeners was unbounded at the proper time, and the quiet atmosphere, which really was reverential, was most gratifying, and showed that we have the nucleus of a slowly-growing patronage of chamber music.

School children of the city were the first to hear the New York Symphony Orchestra under Walter Damrosch, for it began its engagement with the program for them Monday afternoon, and the Auditorium was crowded. In the evening its seating capacity was not taxed. The orchestra is in excellent condition and gave us renditions far superior to any of other years. This was especially noticeable in the fine shadings and phrasing. It is easy to see that each instrument is played by a thoroughly capable hand, and all the work is sane and legitimate. The work of the brass and wood wind appeals especially to us here on account of our lack in this direction. Mr. Damrosch has some original ideas in the Dvorak New World Symphony, and they demand immediate respect. The playing of this symphony stands out prominently in the several fine programs given during the week. These were most wisely chosen and masterfully presented without exception. Great interest centered in the Wagner program, and it caused no disappointment. As one prominent concert-goer remarked, "Supposing the singers had not been away above the ordinary?" and certainly the singers proved adequate to the arduous tasks. Mme. Sara Anderson is a soprano to be counted among America's best now. Her years in Germany have broadened her art, and she is equipped with superb voice in prime condition. Mme. Nevada Van der Veer has a voice of unusual quality, but effective with the exception of too somber a production. Her work impresses as being that of one sincerely musical. Marcus Kellerman, the baritone, has a voice of virility and under telling control, which, added to his clear diction, makes him a well-qualified singer. The tenor, Reed Miller, is a real tenor di grazia, and gave genuine pleasure, for his voice is of velvety, rich quality, splendidly schooled, and he sings with much intelligence. It was a serious detriment that the singers were required to stand back of the conductor's stand, as much of the resonance of the voices was thereby lost. And there is no doubt that Mr. Damrosch plays too loudly in the accompaniments. The visit of this admirable organization has been of untold benefit to the community, and next

year when it comes we hope there will be a chorus available so that Los Angeles as well as San Francisco may hear such compositions as Tschaiowsky's "Eugen Onegin."

Mr. Frederick Stevenson has every reason to be gratified over the successful productions of his "Viennese Serenade" in the east by prominent clubs and famous soloists. The Rubinstein Club of 137 voices of New York city, which William R. Chapman conducts, gave this brilliant work at its last concert in the grand ball room of the Waldorf-Astoria, with Cecil Fanning as baritone soloist and an accompaniment of piano and strings from the Manhattan Opera House. The result was a double encore. The Musical Art Society of Cincinnati, under its conductor, Edwin W. Glover, also presented the "Viennese Serenade." Mr. Glover himself writes they never gave a number which went with such instantaneous appreciation as this chorus. The new festival anthem, "Praise the Lord, O, Jerusalem," which was given by so many prominent American and Canadian choirs at Easter, is to be given soon by Edward Morris Bowman's large chorus of Calvary Baptist church, New York city, at the fortieth anniversary of the pastor.

Dates originally announced for the next recital of Miss Olga Steeb have been changed, and instead of two recitals Miss Steeb will have time for



OLGA STEEB IN RECITAL

only one, which will be given Friday evening, May 13, at Simpson Auditorium. Following is the program:

Fantasia and Fugue in G minor (Bach-Liszt); Papillons (Schumann); Sonata "Tragica" (MacDowell); "The Linden Tree" (Schubert-Liszt); "St. Francis Preaching to the Birds" (Liszt); Arabesques (Schubert-Evler); "Blue Danube Waltz" (Strauss).

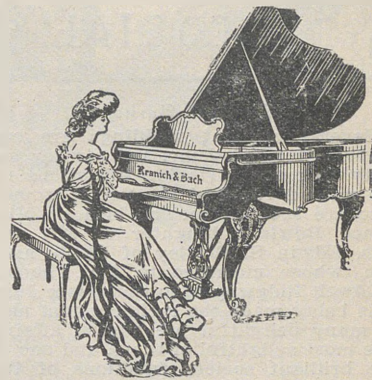
Mr. Harrison Williams, the pianist who has occupied a prominent place here since his arrival a year or so ago, left this week for Germany, expecting to go direct to Vienna to resume his studies under Godowsky. His stay abroad will be an indefinite one.

Several local musicians are expecting to go to Europe this summer. Besides Mr. Harley Hamilton, the lucky ones are Misses Mary O'Donoghue, Blanche Ruby, Lalla Hagge and Mrs. Mary LeGrand Reed.

In this week's issue of the Literary Digest the many admirers of Miss Marie Nichols, the well-known violinist, will see a remarkably interesting picture of her with the late Mark Twain and his daughter, now Mrs. Gabriolowitch, an intimate friend of Miss Nichols.

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## True Trinity of Estates

This little disquisition has no distinctive relation to the new woman, but to womanhood. It is not in the vein of the Chanticleer toaster, rising to propose "The ladies, God bless them;" but rather as one impelled to address the committee of the whole house on the state of the nation. The evolutionary trend of the race, in my conception, makes clearly for an ultimate realization of what I should call "The True Trinity of Estates"—the democracy of men, the aristocracy of woman and the monarchy of God. The democratization of men goes on apace over the whole world so obviously as to require no demonstrative argument. The religion of democracy should not longer fail to avail itself of the tremendous moral dynamics of woman at her best estate. So general in all ages, has been the recognition of the wisest that she is the "aristoi" of the race by virtue of her intuition (enabling her to divine and to desire the highest, while instinctively shrinking from what is vile and hurtful to the race of which she is the mother)—that no normal man is moved by jealousy to deny her aristocracy. Show me the son of a great woman who will not avouch that his mother ever seemed to him fitter to declare God's purposes to man than any priest—save, indeed, "the Great High Priest, after the Order of Melchisedec!"

Who that has proper cognizance of the power of the Roman Catholic church will question that her sway owes more to her recognition of the Virgin Mary than to the dicta from "the head that wears the triple crown" at the vatican? The "ora pro nobis" to the "Mater Dolorosa," the "Vierge Consolatrice," the "Maid Mother of the Lord of Life," the "Queen of Heaven" has assuaged more griefs and warded from more harms than any papal dictum declaring "dogma the best antidote to doubt" or any "scientist" incantation for self-hypnotism.

We are indebted to Lafcadio Hearn's "The Eternal Feminine" for his exposition of the indisputable fact that woman was predestined to be the inspiration and "fountain of honor" for all the Aryan races. As civilization advances democracy demands the best. And John G. Holland was right when he wrote:

More human, more divine than we—  
In truth, half human, half divine,  
Is woman, when good stars agree  
To temper with their beams benign  
The hour of her nativity.

What of the suffrage for women? It is almost here. Man is in no position to deny what women will have. But where the right is exercised nothing important has come of it. The ballot is not woman's weapon. I should say let her beware of trying conclusions with her brothers, proposing to enforce her "demands" by a plurality of votes! The "axe" is not for her hands—no, but the "scepter." Men know that the upper house woman is clothed with the "divine right" to proclaim to mankind the mandates of the monarchy of God. It is told of a certain king that he replied to the suggestion of his physician that he relinquish his kingly title for that of President: "My dear doctor, would you willingly become my veterinary surgeon?" I predict that the female voting habit will ere long, fall into innocuous desuetude.

Democracy in England seeks the abo-

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lition of the house of lords by voiding its veto power; but in the great republic democracy should formally recognize the upper house of woman, endowing it with the veto—yes, and with the initiative. A "plebiscite" of woman-kind would not fail to select the "aristoi" of their sex for this upper house. Let no man imagine that frivolous women would chose for this high chamber the dashing divorcee, the showy clothes-horse, with many jewels and frocks, but no children. Not so; she will infallibly (exercising the gift of intuition with which God has dowered her as with a patent of nobility) designate the great and wise mothers, the lovers of man and of his children, the haters of war and of cruelty, and graft and of every other evil thing—women who unconsciously realize and unselfishly exemplify the Christ saying, "the greatest shall be servant of all." Such an upper house will not seek to "run the government," but very certainly it will run the man that runs the government.

But—a message from the upper house of women to the congress of men will convey no edict; only an invocation having all the compelling power of an imperative mandate. Elizabeth Barrett Browning's appeal brooks no denial:

Do you hear the children crying, O, my brothers?  
\* \* \* \* \*  
They are weeping bitterly!  
They are weeping in the playtime of the others,  
In the country of the free.  
—W. ST. CLAIR CREIGHTON.

The Moon  
In that blue bowl, the sky,  
There is a yellow rose;  
As each brief month goes by  
It buds and blooms and grows.

Soft rays like petals fall,  
And strew the world with light;  
Which serves to show the wall  
Dividing day from night.

It is a magic flower,  
And far away it seems,  
But yet it has the power  
To move mankind to dreams.  
—GERTRUDE DARLOW.





By Ruth Burke

Several brilliant weddings are announced for this June, and already society folk are lavishing attentions on the most favored of the young women who are soon to become brides. Miss Grace Rowley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin S. Rowley of Menlo avenue, whose marriage to Mr. Thomas Caldwell Ridgway is to take place June 2, is being made the recipient just now of many delightful pre-nuptial affairs. The most delightful of these, and one of the brilliant society functions of the season, was the breakfast and musical which Mrs. Henderson Hayward of 2501 Wilshire boulevard gave Tuesday in honor of Miss Rowley. Chatney roses artistically arranged in a May basket formed the centerpiece of the large table set in the dining room for the bride-elect and the members of her bridal party. Place cards bore hand-painted sketches of pink sweet pea blossoms. At the large table were Miss Rowley, Miss Evelyn Kennedy, Miss Mary Clark, Miss Ruth Sterry, Miss Mary Lindley, Miss Olive Harpham, Miss Mary Burnham and Miss Mary Shaw. The small tables had dainty baskets of sweet peas as centerpieces, different colors being used on the various tables. Clusters of Ulrich Bruner roses were used about the rooms. During the breakfast Miss Helen Tappe's orchestra played softly a number of pretty selections and later Miss Tappe gave a song recital. Little Miss Julia Hayward, the charming young daughter of the hostess, also contributed to the musical program, favoring the guests with two piano numbers. Other guests present, besides those mentioned, were Meses. Edward A. Featherstone, George Burrall, Wiley H. Ambrose, Walter Perry Story, Leon Thorpe Shettler, Charles P. Overton, Richard D. Bronson, George B. Macauley, Carl Kurtz, Harold Cook, Richard A. Perez, Lee Phillips, Francis McPherson, Florence Crampton, William W. Mines, Charles Cotton, John Cooper, Norman Sterry, John Raymond Powers, Edgar Axton Jones, Harold Cook, Harold Braly, LeRoy Edwards, Robert Marsh, G. I. Cochran, William Selbie, Leslie C. Brand, Alexander Barrett, John T. Stewart, Howard Rivers, Elmer Cole, John Cornwell, Edwin S. Rowley, Fred O. Johnson, John W. Kemp, Frank Walsh, H. K. Williamson, Reuben Shettler, E. B. Rivers, G. Aubrey Davidson, Meses Florence Clark, Pauline Vollmer, Marjorie Bastable, Gertrude Gooding, Dr. Fredericka Keep, Sarah Goodrich, Lois Chamberlain, Edith Whitaker, Louise Bashford, Mabel Clute, Mary Bell Peyton, Virginia Nourse, Inez Thomas, Margaret Woollacott, Virginia Walsh, Lois Salisbury, Harriet Keep, Margaret Gilbert, Florence Osborne, Agnes Hole, Katherine Kemper, Gladys Lettis, Edna Lettis, Marion Shinn, Phila Milbank, Caroline Canfield, Aileen Staub, Anabel Keep, Eurette Gilbert, Mildred Thomas, Helen Kemper, Ruth Burke, Rowland, Katherine Stearns, Louise Nixon Hill, Virginia Garner, Florence Avery, Clara Howes and Mabel Fisher.

Friday, Mrs. Homer Laughlin, Jr., gave a daintily appointed luncheon at her home on West Twenty-eighth street in compliment to Miss Rowley, and among other events scheduled on the young bride-elect's calendar is a dance which Mr. and Mrs. Erasmus Wilson of Chester place will give for her Friday evening, May 20. The latter affair will also be in compliment to Miss Katherine Stearns, one of the recent debutantes.

Among the interesting events of the week was the marriage of Miss Rowena Mae Hall, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Victor Hall of 2020 Central avenue to Mr. John Percival. The ceremony was celebrated Tuesday evening at 5 o'clock, and an interesting feature was that the bride, during the service, stood in the same place where her mother stood to be married thirty-two years before. Mrs. Hall, who was Miss Dalton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Dalton, has since come into possession of the old family home. Following the service, a reception was

held. Assisting in receiving were Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Hall, Miss Florence Moore, Mr. W. T. Dalton, Miss Margaret Dalton, Mrs. E. P. Johnson, Miss Elizabeth Wood, Miss Olive Berryman, Miss Katherine Saunders and Miss Carrie Trowbridge. Mr. Percival is a young business man of this city. He has bought an artistic bungalow on Alexandria drive, where he and his bride will be at home later to their friends.

One of the most delightful of the week's events was the bridge luncheon given Wednesday by Mrs. Frank Elmer Rich of 683 Catalina street, in compliment to her daughter, Mrs. Sterling Newton Pierce. The affair was artistically appointed, and the rooms were decorated with quantities of fragrant flowers and greenery. In the den and living room the color scheme was in yellow and green, coreopsis and asparagus plumosus being combined in a tasteful arrangement. The dining room was in red roses, geraniums and ferns and mustard and asparagus ferns were effectively used in the library. The small tables at the luncheon had for a centerpiece a tiny basket of red roses and sprays of the ferns. Assisting were Mrs. Frank E. Moore and Mrs. Eugene Haskell and Misses Gladys Moore and Phyllis Brewer kept the tally cards. Other guests included Meses. Wilbur Campbell, Leon F. Moss, Will H. Smith, Ernest H. Miller, Fred W. Beau de Zart, Willis M. Dixon, Elwood De Garmo, Wellington Burke, James Bert Stearns, Frank Caldwell, W. H. Brewer, Loren James, Randolph Bartlett, Cyril Kupfer, Fred Hooker Jones, John Watson, Marshall Hillis, Sara Smith, Elizabeth Hutchins, Fred Pierce, W. H. Pierce, Katherine Wheat Pierce, Misses Jamison, Wylie Jamison, Eva Staynow and Ruth Burke.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Braun accompanied by their young daughter, Miss June Braun, will leave Monday for an extended trip, concluding in Europe, where they plan to remain for an indefinite stay. Leaving here, Mr. and Mrs. Braun and their daughter will go first to the Grand Canyon, thence to the City of Mexico and Guadalajara. From the latter place they will go to Chicago, via Denver, and will visit there and later in Joliet for a few days with Mr. Braun's mother. Crossing the lakes they will visit the principal cities and will tour the New England states in their motor car. After two weeks in New York they will make the St. Lawrence trip through the Thousand Islands and will sail from Montreal for Europe. Their sojourn abroad will be for an indefinite period, and the itinerary will be a leisurely one, formed at their pleasure. Plans which probably will be followed, include a visit to Oberammergau and passing of the summer months in the mountains of Switzerland. Next winter Miss June Braun will be placed in the school in Berlin and Mr. and Mrs. Braun will make that their objective point and will remain in the German capital during the grand opera season. Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Fraser of Ocean Park are planning to join Mr. and Mrs. Braun in the east to make the European trip with them, and Miss Bess Chandron, a charming young woman of San Francisco, also will meet them in New York for the trip abroad. In Berlin, Mr. and Mrs. Braun and Mr. and Mrs. Fraser will add the latter's daughter, Mrs. Richard Heimann of San Francisco to their party, and the Misses Tillie and Elsie Knecht, who are now en route to New York, whence they will sail for Berlin.

Dr. and Mrs. John Frazer Pearce have issued invitations for the marriage of their daughter, Miss Rebecca Brevard Pearce, to Mr. Barbee Simpson Hook, son of Mrs. W. S. Hook of this city. The wedding will take place Wednesday evening, May 18, at St. John's church, in Albuquerque, N. M. Following the church ceremony, a reception will be given at the home of the bride's parents, 718 West Central avenue. At home cards are issued for Wednesdays in October, from 4 until 6 o'clock, at 1386 West Adams street, this city.

Following closely the engagement announcement of Miss Beatrice Wigmore, daughter of Mrs. John Wigmore of this city, to Rev. Joel Hunter of Chicago, comes an announcement of the betrothal of Miss Wigmore's brother, Mr. Marion Wigmore to Miss Wilson of Evanston, Ill. Miss Wilson is a prominent young society girl of the east,



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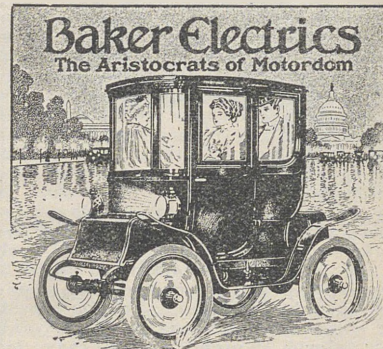
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and the wedding planned will be a fashionable event. Mr. Wigmore, who has been in business in Chicago for the last four years, has a host of friends here who will congratulate him on his engagement. Another brother, Capt. Lewellyn Wigmore, formerly of this city, was married a little more than a year ago to Miss Elizabeth Moore of Greensburg, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Graves of Alhambra announce the betrothal of their daughter, Miss Katherine Graves, to Mr. Ervin S. Armstrong of Salt Lake City, the wedding to take place Saturday, May 28, at the family home. Utmost simplicity will characterize the nuptials owing to a recent bereavement in the bride's family, and only relatives will be present at the ceremony. Mr. Armstrong will leave soon afterward with his bride for Salt Lake City, where they will make their future home. The groom is a young mining man and has extensive interests in Utah. He, as well as his bride, is of a prominent family, a fact which, despite the simplicity of their wedding, makes the event one of great interest here and in Salt Lake City.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Solano entertained with a box party at the Damosch Symphony Orchestra, Monday evening. Their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Holterhoff, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Byrne and Mr. James Slau-son. Mrs. Hugh L. Macneil also entertained with a box party, her guests including Dr. and Mrs. Walter Jarvis Barlow, Miss Elizabeth Wolters, Miss Macneil, Dr. Bernard Smith and Major Noble, U.S.A. They joined the Solano party following the performance and together celebrated Mr. Solano's birthday anniversary with a dinner at the Solano residence.

In the presence of several hundred guests, Miss Rose Zobelein, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Zobelein, was married Thursday evening at Christ church to Mr. Charles Lick of St. Louis. The wedding was an elaborate one, its appointments being carried out entirely in white and yellow. The church was artistically decorated in this color scheme, and the gowns of the bride and her attendants also were in that



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pretty harmony of colors. Rev. Baker P. Lee officiated. Mrs. Will Maier, sister of the bride, was matron of honor and Mr. Philip Zobelein stood with the groom. Little Misses Leontine Maier and Cecile Zobelein served as flower girls. Messrs. George Crandall, R. H. Adams, Roy Choate and Cecil Frankel were ushers. Mrs. Philip Zobelein sang several solos, just before the wedding service, and later a supper was served at the home of the bride's parents, 3770 South Figueroa street. The bride, who is a musician of much talent, has many friends in this city who are pleased at the fact that Mr. Lick will make Los Angeles his home. For the present he and his bride will occupy the residence of Mr. and Mrs. George Zobelein, while the latter are abroad this summer.

Interesting news to members of the younger set is the announcement of Mr. and Mrs. George E. Harpham of 747 South Burlington avenue of the betrothal of their daughter, Miss Olive Harpham, to Mr. Courtland Scott Brown. Miss Harpham is a graduate of Marlborough, and is one of the popular society women of this city. Both she and her betrothed are members of the bridal party of Miss Grace Rowley and Mr. Thomas C. Ridgeway, and their marriage will probably follow soon after the nuptials of the latter couple, which are to be solemnized June 2.

Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Johnson, Jr., entertained Friday evening of last week with a fashionable dinner dance at Hotel Mt. Washington in compliment to Miss Elizabeth Wood, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Modini-Wood of 20 St. James Park, who recently made her formal debut at one of the most resplendent society functions of the season. Guests included forty-two of the younger folk. The dining room was decorated for the evening in a manner particularly effective.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin J. Brent of Berkeley square were host and hostess Wednesday evening at a dinner and card party given for a few of their friends. The dining room was decorated with an effective arrangement of Cecil Bruner and bride roses. The card tables were placed in the billiard rooms, which was abloom with yellow spring flowers. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. William Mead, Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Harry C. Fryman, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Zobelein, Mr. and Mrs. S. F. MacFarlane, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Prosser, Mr. and Mrs. Emerson Gee, Mr. and Mrs. T. Billington, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Tonkin, Mr. and Mrs. Sol Davis, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Bobrick, Miss Jessica Smith, Miss Maude Elizabeth Richards and Dr. William Nirvin.

Another party of Los Angeles society folk is arranging to leave soon for a summer abroad. An unusually pleasant itinerary has been planned, and the coterie of travelers will include Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Holterhoff, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Joseph P. Sartori, Mrs. Kate Vosburg and Mrs. Grace Porter. These, with the exceptions of Mr. Holterhoff and Mr. Sartori, will sail from New York, May 20. The latter named will join the party in Europe in July. The most important of the cities of Europe will be visited, and in Berlin, Mr. and Mrs. Holterhoff will meet their daughter, Miss Lelia Holterhoff, who has been studying music there for two or three years. The party will return to Los Angeles in September.

Mrs. Charles P. Overton of San Francisco, and Mrs. Edgar Axton Jones of Piedmont, who have been visiting in Los Angeles for a fortnight or so, as house guests of their sister, Mrs. Frank E. Walsh of 403 South Alvarado street, left Tuesday evening for their homes in the north. They are the daughters of Maj. Horace Bell, formerly of this city, and have a host of friends who delighted in the opportunity to entertain them and revive old friendships.

Wednesday, Mrs. Edward A. Featherstone gave the second of a series of bridge luncheons at her home, 1150 West Twenty-seventh street. Shasta daisies arranged in clusters and tied with dainty blue ribbon bows were used on the tables. American Beauties were used about the rooms. Guests invited were Mes. Stoddard Jess, George I. Cochran, W. W. Beckett, Henry Clay Gooding, Willis H. Booth, William James Chick, H. F. Vollmer, John W.

Kemp, George J. Birkel, Mather S. Robertson, B. V. Collins, William D. Stephens, E. S. Pauly, R. H. Kinney, Richard P. Bronson, John R. Powers, Walter Perry Story, H. M. Bishop, W. W. Johnson, Jr., George Bannister, Herbert D. Requa, William Irving Hollingsworth, Willitts J. Hole, Arthur Letts, Claire S. Tappan, O. M. Souden, Henry J. Woollacott, Emil Ducommun, Samuel J. Whitmore, R. L. Horton, W. E. Jones of Minneapolis, James T. Fitzgerald, William S. Cross; Miss May Shull of Chicago and Miss Gertrude Gooding.

In honor of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Damrosch, Mrs. Robert Farquhar entertained Tuesday at Miramar, Santa Monica, with a beautifully appointed luncheon. Exquisite red roses from the Miramar gardens were used in the table decorations, and besides the guests of honor and members of the family, places at the table were set for Miss Polly Damrosch, Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Salisbury of Salt Lake City, who have taken up their residence at Santa Monica; Mrs. J. O. Salisbury, who is a guest at the Alexandria, and Count Wachtmeister.

Mrs. George J. Birkel gave a handsomely appointed dinner Tuesday at her home on South Figueroa street, the affair being in compliment to Maj. Robert Noble, U.S.A., who has recently returned from the Philippines, where he has been stationed for the last ten years. Other guests were Mr. and Mrs. J. Bond Francisco, Dr. and Mrs. West Hughes, Dr. and Mrs. Walter Jarvis Barlow, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Clifford Lott, and Miss Mollie Adelia Brown. The party later occupied a box at the Damrosch symphony concert.

Mr. and Mrs. James C. Kays, Miss Ruth Kays, Miss Cecelia Kays and Miss Florence Kays of 1014 Beacon street left Tuesday morning under the bookings of the steamship department of the German-American Savings Bank for an extended tour of Europe. They will sail on the steamer Caronia, May 14. Dr. and Mrs. Charles Thomas will sail on the same steamer.

Mrs. Fred P. Newport of the Hartman apartments entertained Wednesday at a box party at the Majestic, the affair being in honor of Miss Fern Weidler, who, with her parents, has come from Billings, Mont., recently, to make her home here. Following the performance, tea was enjoyed at the Alexandria. Mrs. Newport has issued invitations for a luncheon of sixty covers to be given at Hotel Mt. Washington, Tuesday, May 10.

Mrs. C. S. McDowell with her little daughter, Mercedes Esther, and her sister, Miss Mercedes Ellis, will leave Tuesday for the naval station at Pago Pago, on the island of Tutuila, Samoa, to join Lieut. Clyde Stanley McDowell, U.S.N., who is stationed there. Miss Ellis, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George B. Ellis of 2128 Western avenue, will enjoy a visit of six months with Lieutenant and Mrs. McDowell.

Col. and Mrs. William May Garland have engaged passage on the Lusitania for May 28. They will leave here May 20, joining a large party planning to go at the same time to New York.

Mrs. Richard A. Perez and Miss Mercedes de Luna have issued invitations for a garden tea to be given Tuesday afternoon, May 12, at the home of Mrs. Perez on Alvarado street. Miss Canfield will be the guest of honor.

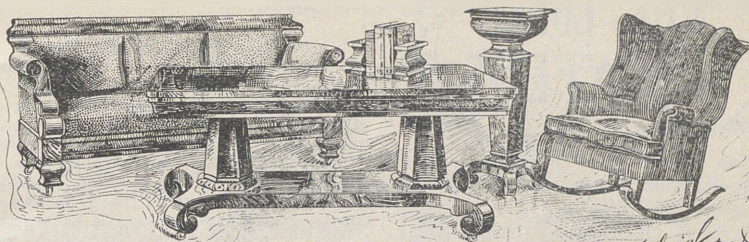
Miss Maude Elizabeth Richards of 2208 Western avenue has issued two hundred and fifty invitations for a dance to be given Thursday, May 12.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul de Longpre of Hollywood left this week for Honolulu, where they will enjoy an outing of two months, returning to their home here in July.

Miss Marion Macneil of South Figueroa street is hostess at a week-end party being given at the Macneil ranch in Azusa.

Mrs. Garrett Eugene Lamb of Clinton, Iowa, is visiting in Los Angeles as the guest of her brothers, Mr. George B. Ellis of 2128 Western avenue, and Mr. Charles F. Ellis of 449 St. Andrews place.

Mrs. Howard Rivers and Mrs. Ernest Rivers have issued upward of 500 invitations for a reception to be given at the Ebell Club, Thursday afternoon,



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May 12. The hostesses will be assisted by Mes. G. S. Field, J. D. Bradford, Murray M. Harris, C. N. Sterry, W. E. McVey, Frederick Prescott, Arthur Kinney, Benjamin Johnson; Misses Carrie Field, Mildred Thomas and Ruth Rivers.

Mrs. Mary S. Strohn and Mrs. George B. Macauley of Menlo avenue have issued invitations for a bridge luncheon to be given at their home Wednesday, May 10.

Mrs. George Caswell has issued five hundred invitations for a dance to be given for the graduates of Marlborough School at Kramer's Hall, Saturday, June 18.

Mrs. Ernest H. Miller of 718 New Hampshire street was hostess, Thursday, at a tea given in compliment to her mother, Mrs. Charles S. Chamberlain of Oakland, who is visiting her en route to the north from a six months' stay in the east. One hundred and fifty invitations were issued for the af-

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ternoon, and the hostess was assisted in receiving by Mes. J. H. Owen, H. Morris, Carl L. Doron, Leon F. Moss, A. J. Clark, T. Douglas Ross, J. F. Phil-

(Continued on Page Fourteen)





Not so sparkling as to dialogue as is "Charley's Aunt," but with plenty of wholesome, harmless fun in its composition. "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary," in May Robson's skillful hands, offers an evening of innocuous relaxation at the Mason this week that is good for men and women in these days of tense endeavor. The plot won't stand critical analysis, nor are the situations to be taken seriously. In fact, the dramatic construction, like the theme, is a joke. A young college scapegrace, an orphan, reared by an irascible aunt, who is country bred and of country residence, but who loves the lad as her own son, is inclined to rebel at his numerous escapades, until she goes to the city to nurse him through the measles, which she finds on arrival are a figment of fancy. Her precious nephew and his cronies make her visit so entertaining, however, that she goes back home much closer in sympathy with the youngster's way of living, a rejuvenated Aunt Mary, in short, and the picaresques of her lively ward are forgiven. There are no tense situations, no thrills, no heavy villains. May Robson, as Aunt Mary, is delightfully human, nursing great kindness of heart under a brusque veneer, and with wonderfully mobile features that indicate marked ability on the part of the actress in character portrayal. John Watkins, Jr., the nephew, is entrusted to Jack Storey, a personable young chap of musical accomplishments, whose playing and singing form a part of the evening's entertainment. His voice is a bit "throaty," but of pleasing quality, although giving evidence of faulty training. Paul Decker's Mitchell is a lively presentation; he and Arthur Deering as Robert Burnett, and John McMahon as Clover, Jack's chum, supply the juvenile frolicking as in Charley's frisky relative. Pretty Faye Cusick, as Betty Burnett, in love with Jack, is an attractive ingenue, and Nina Saville, as Lucinda, Aunt Mary's domestic, gives an excellent character portrait. For mild fun of a clean kind, greatly assisted by the clever work of Miss Robson, "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary" is to be warmly recommended. S. T. C.

#### Kolb & Dill Fun at the Majestic

Kolb & Dill offer an embarrassment of riches this week in three travesties. "The Mustard King," "The Music Master" and "The College Widower." A meaty repast of fun is devoured with gusto by the capacity audiences which seem to find a tingle of subtle humor even in the old slap-stick stunt in which the Kolbian feet come into resounding contact with the Dillian stomach. "The Mustard King" is principally a spectacle of shapely and scantily clad chorus maidens maneuvering in mock military fashion, with the two comedians diffidently proffering a few jokes in lacerated English, and Maud Lillian Berri completely capturing the audience as Philopena Schnitz. "The Music Master" and "The College Widower" offer many laughs, but the audience obviously would prefer to have more musical interpolations. Kolb burlesques Warfield in "The Music Master" with telling effect, but Dill reaps all the honors as the boarding-housekeeper, with Percy Bronson unrecognizable as the awkward German, coming in a close second. Bronson also completely disguises himself as the stuttering college boy in "The College Widower," proving that he is the possessor of considerable histrionic talent. And Dill, in a blonde wig, a baby pink dress, and a coquettish bonnet would arouse the mirth of the inscrutable sphinx. Winsome Olga Stech plays in her usual dainty fashion, although she misuses her really excellent voice in a sad manner. Miss Berri already has become a great favorite, and her statuesque figure, attired in a number of handsome gowns, coupled with her good singing and admirable presence, more than confirms the admirable impression of her first

appearance. Minor parts are well done, and the chorus provides pretty stage pictures.

#### "Robin Hood" at the Grand

"Robin Hood" had to give place to the run on the All Day and Night Bank Monday night; at least, that is a possible explanation for the small audiences that witnessed the good production of the DeKoven opera by the Ferris Hartman company. Good principals, a good enough chorus, fresh, pretty costumes and attractive stage setting furnished reasons for a crowded house every night. There is no better music among light operas than that of "Robin Hood," and the subject is one that can



LOUISE ROYCE AT THE BURBANK

never grow stale while there are eager young minds delving into the romance of history. The outlaw's place is secure. Thomas H. Persse, in the title role, acquires himself admirably. His voice is strong and true and leads every ensemble. His duet with Maid Marian is especially pleasing, and received an enthusiastic encore from an audience whose pleasure was out of all proportion to its size. Edith Mason, as Marian, is pretty and charming. She has a lovely soprano voice and sings the rather high music of her part with ease. Georgiana Strauss' absence is a disappointment, but her understudy, Lillian Leighton, in the role of Alan-a-Dale, is a pleasing young singer with a small but sweet voice. She looks her part well, in spite of the tights, not because of them. "O, Promise Me" was well sung and received an encore. The Annabel of Myrtle Dingwall is charming, and is well done. Dame Durden is rather a thankless task, but Miss Hart does rather well with it. The men have the best of it in this opera. Little John, Will Scarlet, Friar Tuck, Guy of Gisborne and the Sheriff all having distinct and amusing roles. John H. Lenore, as Will Scarlet, discovers a voice of fine quality, but has the fault of a tremolo, which makes his pitch uncertain and his attack indistinct. It is a true bass in quality and has richness and strength, a voice that should make a stir if it is rightly handled. Ferris Hartman is always funny, his part makes no difference; he injects into it a true comic essence. He is perhaps funniest when he is perfectly still, in the third encore of the tinkers' chorus. He sits like a sad soul, alone on a desert island, while the audience is in gales of laughter. Altogether, it is a delightful performance and a credit to the company.

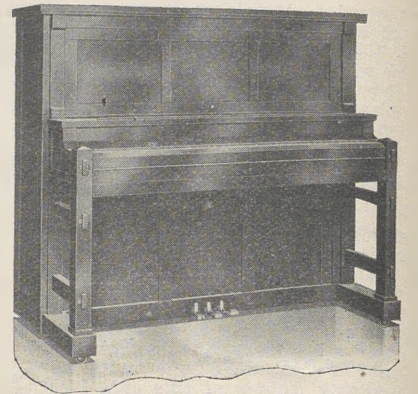
#### Attractions at the Orpheum

In the desert of vaudeville sketches one occasionally chancies upon an oasis that offers a well of pure delight to the blasé and weary. Such a sketch is George Ade's "The Mayor and the Manicure," which is being given at the Orpheum this week. The playlet is almost actorproof, with its deft touches of human nature and its keen humor, and when it is so well played as by Edwin Holt and his company its value is greatly enhanced. Holt's characterization of the shrewd mayor is more than admirable, and he finds able as-

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sistance in Mattie Choate, who plays Genevieve, the manicure, in the right vein. Pearl Dawson and Edward McGuinness lend the necessary romantic atmosphere in an acceptable manner. Another newcomer who stirs the risibles of the audience in no uncertain fashion is T. Roy Barnes. His act is sheer nonsense, but his magnetic personality and lack of self-consciousness promote him to the front ranks of popularity. Charles Semon is also supposed to be funny, but his wit is antiquated to a degree, and his act is worth while simply because of his able handling of a number of grotesque musical instruments. The old proverb that "si-

Adams at the Mason Opera House, Tuesday night, in J. M. Barrie's new comedy, "What Every Woman Knows." This is the play which ran for five months at the Empire Theater in New York last season, and in it Miss Adams is credited with having scored the biggest success of her career. The story of the play deals with a little Scotch woman who is married off by her three bachelor brothers to an ambitious young man. The latter is anxious to become a big man in the world, and his shy, timid little wife endeavors to aid him, and really puts into his head the ideas which call to him the attention of the government leaders. But the husband is arrogant and egotistical, and does not give his wife credit. There comes a time when he would leave her for another woman, but she never wavers, and in the end all is well. Miss Adams' leading man is Richard Bennet, well known here, and others in the cast include Lumsden Hare, R. Peyton Carter, Fred Tyler, David Torrence, W. H. Gilmore, Miss Ffolliott Paget, Miss Lillias Waldegrave and Miss Lillian Spencer.

George M. Cohan's successful musical play, "Forty-five Minutes From Broadway," will be the attraction at the Belasco Theater next week, with Lewis S. Stone in the role of Kid Burns, and Florence Oakley as Mary Jane. The Belasco management announces that the musical numbers of the Cohan play will be made a special feature of the performance, with Florence Oakley singing the familiar, "Mary is a Grand Old Name" and "So Long Mary," and an added selection, "What Am I Going to Do to Make You Love Me?" one of the recent Broadway song successes. Charles Ruggles will have a new college medley, and will also sing "Military Mary Ann," with a chorus of forty to back his vocal efforts. Victor Schertzinger will be in command of an enlarged orchestra, and besides the regular Belasco forces, there will be a charming chorus of thirty-two young men and women. The musical show will be followed at the Belasco by an elaborate production of Broadhurst's "The Dollar Mark," in which Mr. Stone will have his original role of James Gresham. Cuyler Hastings will come from New York to play Carson Baylis, the part which he created in the New York production of "The Dollar Mark."

Next week Kolb & Dill will produce at the Majestic Theater what San Francisco considered the greatest hit the German comedians have ever offered to the public. The bill will be the double burlesque, "The Merry Widow and The Devil," being a combination travesty of Lehar's "The Merry Widow" and the Molnar drama, "The Devil." C. William Kolb plays the part of the Devil, and the combination of cynicisms and a broad German accent is said to be irresistible. Dill takes the role of Disch, the Devil's janitor-in-waiting, and with Maude Lillian Berri as Fonia, the would-be merry widow



MARGUERITE HANEY, AT THE ORPHEUM

lence is golden" would be well applied to Mr. Semon's patter. An ambitious offering is the tabloid musical comedy, "The Leading Lady," which fails to hit the bullseye of public approval. The setting is an offense to the least artistic taste, and the chorus girls squeal to an amazing degree. Ralph Lynn as the Earl of Lancaster, an English "chappie," does an excellent bit of work, and talks his songs with good effect. So long as Marguerite Haney dances and poses she is a charming figure, but her affectation and shrill voice make one forget her piquant appearance and grace. Stelling & Revell, the Girls from Melody Lane, "La Petite Gossie," and Nonette are held over.

#### Offerings for Next Week

Charles Frohman will present Maude



from Fresnovia, it may be predicted that the burlesque will prove attractive. The production is lavishly staged, and the orchestra augmented to do full justice to the lilting melodies of Lehar's "Merry Widow." Percy Bronson as Prince Danilo, won great praise in the north, and the famous waltz as danced by him and Miss Berri was proclaimed artistic enough to make any regular "Merry Widow" company look to its laurels. Olga Stech as Mimi, a girl from Maxim's, has a dance with Kolb, which also comes in for a large share of approbation.

"The Barrier," a dramatization of Rex Beach's famous novel of the same name, will be seen at the Burbank for the week beginning with the matinee Sunday. This is the first time this strong drama ever has been presented outside of New York city, where it had a big run last season. The scenes of

will present, beginning with the usual Sunday matinee, "The Serenade," another of the Bostonians' comic opera successes. "The Serenade" is by Harry B. Smith and Victor Herbert, and contains music of the first order as well as a strain of good comedy. Ferris Hartman will have splendid laugh-making opportunities as the Duke of Santa Cruz; George Poultney will be soon as Alvarado, who wins the charming Dolores (Lillian Leighton), and Joseph Fogarty will play Romero, the bandit chief. Little Myrtle Dingwall will have fine vocal opportunities as Yvane, and Carmen Phillips will have the character role of Mother Superior. The Spanish locale of the opera will afford opportunity for colorful costumes and picturesque stage settings.

Next Saturday night Ferris Hartman will close his season of musical comedy at the Grand Opera House, and will be



MAUDE ADAMS, IN "WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS," AT THE MASON

the play are laid in the Yukon gold country, with which Rex Beach has demonstrated his familiarity in other books and plays. "The Barrier" tells of the love problem which faces a young army officer of aristocratic birth, and a young woman who never has been outside of the Alaskan wilderness. The social barrier which rises between them, apparently insurmountable, provides the motive of the play. Byron Beasley will be seen in the role of the young army officer, and Marjorie Rambeau will have a part entirely different from anything in which she previously has been seen as the girl in the case.

For the farewell offering of his thirty weeks' successful engagement at the Grand Opera House, Ferris Hartman and his big comic opera organization

succeeded Sunday afternoon, May 15, by Charles King, who will open a summer season of high-class melodrama. Mr. King will not give the lurid type of melodrama that has heretofore been offered by stock companies at the Grand, but will present such successes as "By Right of Sword," "The Ensign," "Mr. Barnes of New York," "The Great Ruby" and others. Popular prices will prevail, and the seat sale will open Monday morning at the Grand box office.

Levy's Cafe Chantant next week will be headed by the Kristoffi Trio, headed by Madame Kristoffi, a noted French prima donna, who has the assistance of an Italian baritone and tenor. Raymond Baldwin is a baritone who makes a good foil for the trio, with his popu-

**Morosco's Burbank Theater**  
BEGINNING MATINEE, SUNDAY, MAY 8.

## The Barrier

Rex Beach's Greatest Drama of the Frozen North.

Prices, 25c, 50c, 75c. Matinees Saturday and Sunday, 10c, 25c, 50c.

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### THE MERRY WIDOW AND THE DEVIL

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**Mason Opera House**  
FIVE NIGHTS, BEGINNING TUESDAY, MAY 10. MATINEES WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY.

## MAUDE ADAMS

In J. M. Barrie's  
Best Play, **What Every Woman Knows**

PRICES 50c to \$2.

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## Ferris Hartman

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Matinees Tuesday, Saturday and Sunday.  
Every Night in the Week at 8:15.

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WEEK COMMENCING MONDAY NIGHT, MAY 9, 1910.  
THE SEASON'S GREAT MUSICAL AND FUN SHOW

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Lewis S. Stone as "Kid Burns," Florence Oakley as "Mary Jane"

A number of the very latest Broadway song successes, as well as all the popular Cohan song hits, will be introduced into "FORTY-FIVE MINUTES FROM BROADWAY."

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"The Mayor and the Manicure"  
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Saturday, May 7, 2:30, Chutes Park. Sunday a. m., 10:30, Vernon Park. Sunday p. m., 2:30 Chutes Park.

May 9, 11, 12, 14, 15, 16, Los Angeles vs. Portland.  
Sun. a. m. and Fri. p. m. at Vernon Ball Park.  
Tues., Wed., Thurs., Sat., Sunday afternoon, Chutes Park.

lar melodies. Tracie Morrow's yodel songs and ballads have won her popularity, and Director Kammermeyer pleases all tastes with his varied orchestral selections. A whirlwind dance by Four Hungarians from the National Opera at Buda Pesth is the last offering.

(Continued on Page Fourteen)



## Personal and Social

(Continued From Page Eleven)

lips and G. J. Elson. In the evening the women who assisted, together with their husbands, were entertained at an informal card party by Mrs. Miller.

Mrs. Charles Wier of 3046 West Sixth street left Saturday for New York, and will sail from there for Naples, where she will meet Mr. Wier, who has been abroad for several months. They will travel on the continent for an indefinite period.

Mr. and Mrs. Sumpter F. Zombro and their small son, Master Frederick Bicknell Zombro, of 419 North Broadway, have moved to 46 Thornton avenue, Ocean Park, for the summer.

Misses Enid and Elsie Behymer entertained the Delta Phi Sigma sorority Monday evening at a box party at the Danrosch concert and later at a supper.

Mrs. B. F. Blinn will be hostess Wednesday, May 18, at a luncheon and five hundred party to be given at the Breakers Club rooms in Ocean Park.

Invitations have been issued by Mrs. Charles T. Howland of 1902 Harvard boulevard for a luncheon and bridge party to be given at her home, Friday, May 20.

### At the Hotel Resorts

Mrs. J. A. Bowden entertained the Los Altos Card Club with a luncheon, followed by cards, at the Mt. Washington Hotel, Wednesday. Pink sweet peas decked the table in the glass dining room, where the collation was served, and bridge was played in the east room. Guests were Meses. Updegraff, M. R. Amsden, E. W. Forgy, W. L. Jones, George Ross, Sidney M. Haskell and Miss Florence Crampton of Los Angeles, and Meses. H. L. Story, C. S. Gilbert, A. H. Conger and Mary Strohm of Altadena.

Mr. E. J. Brent, the well-known Los Angeles merchant, motored down to Coronado Beach recently for a week vacation. He was accompanied by Mrs. Brent and Miss Maude Elizabeth Richards and Master Edwin Brent. While in the southern part, Mr. Brent and his party enjoyed the many picturesque drives thereabouts and crossed the line into old Mexico.

Mrs. E. N. Van Nuys, Miss Van Nuys, Miss Kate Van Nuys and Miss Phila Milbank of this city went up to Del Mote recently for a few days' sojourn.

Mr. and Mrs. Owen Wister of Philadelphia, after an extended stay at Hotel del Coronado, are making a tour of Southern California en route to their home in the east. Mr. Wister is widely known as the author of "The Virginian" and other novels.

Saturday evening last fifty of the members of the Cornell University Club

## At the Local Theaters

(Continued From Page Thirteen)

ing on the bill. Besides singing and performing on a number of instruments, the quartet gives dances from the land of the Magyars.

Nellie Nichols, the only Greek artist in vaudeville, is the new headliner for the Orpheum bill for the week beginning Monday matinee, May 9. Miss Nichols was first heard in musical comedy, having made a hit in "The Sultan of Sulu." Clever dancing of the hard and soft shoe sort is what the Four Dancing Bugs have to offer. Two men and two girls comprise this team, and their work is said to be ahead of any similar organization. Walsh, Lynch & Company will offer a tabloid melodrama called "Huckins' Run." It hinges upon the experiences of a New York East Side boy marooned in a village. The Picquays are foreigners who come under the broad title of "entertainers." Holding over are "The Leading Lady," with Marguerite Haney and her excellent company, Edwin Holt & Company in "The Mayor and the Manicure," Charles F. Semon, "the narrow feller," and Barnes & Crawford, with new motion pictures.

Owing to the large demand for seats, the Belasco management decided. Thursday night, to continue the Broadhurst play, "The Price," for a third week, thus postponing the production of "Forty-five Minutes From Broadway."

sat down to dinner in the main dining room of Hotel Mt. Washington. The table was brilliant in the club colors, red and white, and the same colors were prevalent throughout the room. After dinner, speeches, fun, music and laughter contributed to the enjoyment.

Two of the pre-nuptial events of the Rowley wedding are to take place at the Mt. Washington Hotel later in May.

Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Winters entertained a party of six at Mt. Washington for dinner, Monday evening.

Last Saturday afternoon the usual interesting tennis game, followed by dinner for twelve, at Mt. Washington Hotel, was enjoyed by a number of the expert tennis players of Southern California.

Recent arrivals at the Mt. Washington Hotel include Mrs. James F. Bird of Banning, Cal.; Mr. R. G. Green of Visalia, Cal., and Miss Florence I. Smith of Los Angeles.

Among the Los Angelans who registered at Hotel del Monte recently were Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Wrenn, Mr. N. W. Graham, Mr. H. V. Carter, Mr. C. H. Carter, Miss Madeline Carter, Mrs. I. N. Van Nuys, Miss Van Nuys, Miss Kate Van Nuys and Miss Phila Milbank.

## LEVY'S THIRD AND MAIN. TABLES RESERVED

3:00 to 5:30, 8:30 to 10:00 10:30 to 12:30

### Cafe Chantant

A BIG HIT--BIG FOUR ACTS--A STAR BILL  
The Kristoffi Trio; Four Imperial Hungarian Dancers; Raymond Baldwin, Baritone Soloist; Tracy Morrow, Operatic Soprano; and Mr. Kammermeyer's Orchestra. The best bill of the year.

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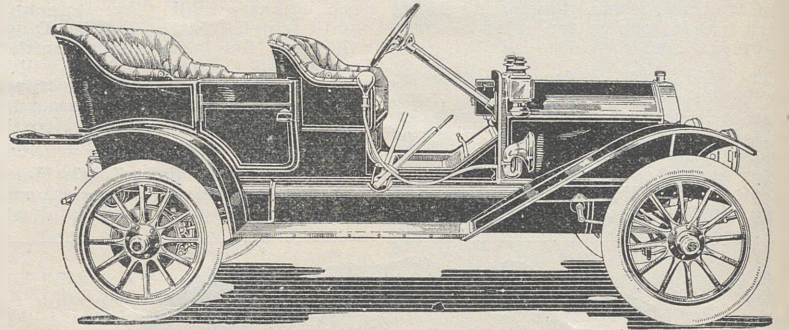
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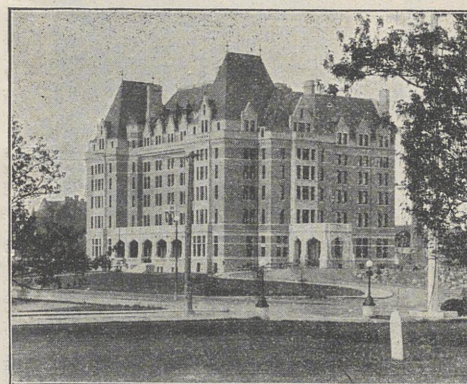
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172d Monthly Report, May 1, 1910

## RESOURCES

Balance due on houses being sold on monthly installments, mortgages, secured loans and houses under construction. ....	\$2,358,480.62
Building Material Co. stock, including two lumber yards, lumber and planing mills, warehouses, shops, factories, wagons, etc..	164,740.00
Stock in Globe Savings Bank at par (market value \$87,290.00).....	60,200.00
Real Estate (market value \$1,636,200.00).....	1,222,565.99
Fixtures.....	4,469.58
Cash on hand.....	144,052.60
	<b>\$3,954,508.79</b>

## NET ASSETS

Capital stock paid in cash.....	\$1,650,409.00
Reserve.....	2,078,115.41 — \$3,728,524.41

## LIABILITIES

Dividends payable (uncalled for).....	\$ 1,859.20
Home Certificates and Mortgages on property purchased (not a legal liability) .....	224,125.18 — \$ 225,984.38
	<b>\$3,954,508.79</b>

Gain in stockholders during the past month.....	159
Gain in stockholders during past year.....	2133
Total number of stockholders.....	4427
Our 57th quarterly cash dividend will be paid May 15, 1910.	
The amount of this dividend is.....	<b>\$99,024.54</b>

## 30,000 Shares of Unissued Stock Now for Sale at \$3.15 a Share

After May 31st the price will be \$3.20 a share. No stockholder of this company ever failed to get his money back if he wanted it.

DIRECTORS---Charles A. Elder, President and Manager; Charles Cassat Davis, Vice President and Attorney; W. D. Deeble, Secretary; G. M. Derby, Treasurer; A. P. Thomson, Associate Attorney; Harry D. Rodgers, Auditor; C. L. Bagley.

## Rachael Crothers' "A Man's World"

It takes the world a long time to grow up to the greatness of her great children. The man whom we hail as a success today is of today. He sees what the time wants, makes capital out of it and gains his reward quickly. But the great man is of tomorrow. We meet him and we think him queer; we tolerate him because we cannot help it. One day, perhaps just before he dies, perhaps a few years after, he is discovered, and we find a prophet has been among us. Then the world begins to grow up to the height on which he stood. Perhaps we see this in the drama oftener than elsewhere. Ibsen has lived among us, and he has left his work behind him as a measure of his greatness. His devotees have discovered him and have written keys to his thoughts. A few courageous people have played his dramas and the enlightened have rejoiced. Even the uninitiated sit through his plays and marvel at the unfolding of life before them. As one has said of Meredith, we compare his work not with other works of art, but instinctively with the work of the creator, with life itself. We are getting over the shock of Ibsen's supposedly immoral plays, as only a few years ago we got over Darwin's philosophy of life. We have begun the process of assimilation. A host of lesser ones following in his footsteps, culling here and there little glimmers of ideas that he dropped in passing, are beginning laboriously to pace inch by inch the magnificent distances he covered at a stride. When they reach the height another artist will arise to set a new stent and the round will begin anew.

\* \* \*

"A Man's World," by Rachel Crothers, was hailed as a great play. It was praised because it supposedly handled certain subjects with gloves off. Now where we should place Miss Crothers' play depends much on what we compare it with. It is certainly a step above the trivial, half-baked adaptations we have been so often favored

with, but if we compare it with the work of the master we find only clever juggling with an idea. The supposed daring turns into subterfuge, into the refusal to present a real situation with real flesh and blood women and men in it. We have a cooked-up situation, and a lot of talk about it. The author plays all around the idea without really presenting it. The casual observer and, I may add, some of our critics, are fooled into the belief that there is a semblance of life, because there is a lot of very nice local color drawn from a well-known club that existed on Fifth avenue a year or two ago, but which, for certain matrimonial and economical reasons, went out of existence. It was particularly clever of Miss Crothers to use the background furnished by this club for her setting, because it provided her with excellent material for the character actors and with a possible excuse for many of the exits and entrances. A great many unrelated people of different nationalities, because they happen to live under the same roof, may easily drop in at a critical moment.

\* \* \*

As the title indicates, the play deals with the same old subject. Man has set one standard for himself and another for woman; he may live a man's life, but she must walk the straight and narrow path. Frank Ware (why the masculine name for a woman no one knows), an attractive and successful novelist, has an adopted child. She and the child live in a club on Washington square, where other unattached men and women working at art or literature have gathered. She is generous and fine, but she has aroused the jealousy of Leonie Brune, because Fritz Bain, whom Leonie regards as her especial property, has fallen in love with her. Frank is really in love with Malcolm Gaskell, but she is touched by Fritz' devotion and makes him her confidant. Leonie first insinuates that Frank is the mother of the child, and, later, recognizing a likeness to Mal-

colm Gaskell, that Malcolm is the father. She believes that she has guessed the truth, and that these two have come to the club for the purpose of being near each other. At her suggestion everybody sees the likeness. Malcolm has asked Frank to marry him. He knows that people are talking, but he does not know exactly what they are saying.

\* \* \*

At first Frank refuses to make any explanation. Later, she discloses that the mother of the child was a young girl, who came to her in Paris for help, after being deserted by the child's father; that after the mother's death, she had kept the child because there was nothing else to be done with him. She had become so attached to the boy that she meant to protect him from the shame of namelessness, and the hate she felt for the man who was responsible for the mother's shame and death had driven her to take up the cause of women in her novel. Leonie tries to make things right, but matters are out of her control. Frank herself recognizes the likeness to Gaskell, names the boy's mother to him, and Gaskell confesses. Manlike, however, he sees no reason why his past should come between them, but she will not marry a man who will not say that he has been in wrong.

\* \* \*

The situation is false. First, if Frank had wanted to preserve the boy from the stain of illegitimacy, she would have substantiated the story of his adoption in some way and not exposed him to the certain shame of being pointed out as her illegitimate child. By her own attitude she deliberately fastened the thing upon him that she said she wished to avoid. Then, at the end, instead of allowing her to break utterly with the man for whom she must have felt some contempt, as a sop to the public Miss Crothers made her insist upon having the man say he was sorry, as if that would make any earthly difference, except to make him seem an unnatural, obstinate brute to refuse, for everybody knows that a man who is desperately in love with a woman will not balk at such a little thing as saying he is sorry for past

sins, if he thinks it will please her. Indeed, this man is not a man at all, he is merely a peg upon which Miss Crothers may hang the various things that she makes Frank do and say. Naturally, Frank cannot monologue her way through the play, and so the man must say the thing that will call forth from Frank the sentiments Miss Crothers wishes to put in her mouth. If Frank had really been the mother of the child, instead of asking, "If I were, what then?" or if she had refused to marry Gaskell because he had shamelessly betrayed another woman, and not merely because he would not say he was sorry, there would have been a real play, with flesh and blood in it and an excuse for the talk back and forth.

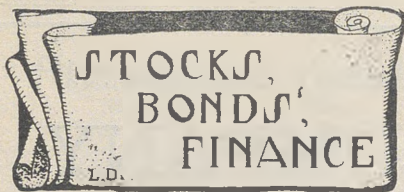
About the best thing in the play was something which really had nothing to do with it; a small character bit, excellently played by Helen Ormsbee, in which a little unsuccessful miniature painter describes her failure to make good. It was so poignantly real and so thoroughly the case with thousands of girls in New York today, that it seemed almost too intimate for the stage. Miss Mannering as Frank Ware was good to look at, and in the lighter side of the role most attractive, but she is not emotionally strong. Charles Richman gave an unwarranted interpretation of the role of Gaskell, but he played it consistently, and John Sainpolis made of Fritz a very lovable person.

ANNE PAGE.

New York, May 2, 1910.

Since the new scenic boulevard was opened at Del Monte that place is becoming more than ever the rendezvous of enthusiastic automobilists. More than a hundred guests arrived last Saturday by motors from different parts of the country, among those from San Francisco being Mr. James M. Block and Mr. Arthur Gregory, William F. Lennman and an especially distinguished party including as members: Mr. and Mrs. George Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Tobin, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Forbes, Miss Maguire, Mr. Charles de Young, and Miss O'Connor, who came down in two cars, one owned by Mr. Cameron and the other by Mr. de Young.





It has been considerable of a price baiting week, with suffering through the entire list of stocks and bonds called on the Los Angeles Stock Exchange. Nor are the reasons hard to determine. A reaction was due, following the recent uninterrupted bull movement in the oil shares traded in this market. In addition, New York prices have been slumping off for more than ten days, which, coupled with the difficulties of one of the city's minor banking institutions, tended toward a bear raid of which skillful operators have not hesitated to take advantage. As this is being written the indications are that the downhill tendency has ended, and that there is to be a healthy return to firmer conditions at an early day. Another bull movement is likely to be working overtime soon, especially among the oils that are regarded with speculative favor by the trading public.

Since the last report, L. A. Home pfd. has passed its dividend payments, which serves to explain the slump of ten points in the stock in less than a week. President Cass is authority for the statement that dividend disbursements will be resumed in about three months, and as the payments are understood to be cumulative, those who enjoy clear holdings of stock need not worry in regard to the future. For reasons not manifest, the company is not in the market to sell bonds for the funds that are said to be needed at this time for betterments, the directorate having decided, apparently, to apply dividend money for the purpose.

Associated Oil has been gradually losing the spurt that came following the notice of its listing upon the New York Stock Exchange a week ago. At this writing the shares appear to be weaker than is justified by general conditions underlying the stock. It looks like a last and final shaking out of weak holders, prior to much higher levels.

Union and the other Stewart issues are a shade stronger, with all of the Doheny stocks weaker. Central is a trifle firmer, but the several well-known speculative petroleum shares are shaky, with the exception of California Midway, which has recovered considerable prestige, due to the fact that the company has begun to deliver oil to the Standard, with which it has a long-time contract, at a remunerative price. Olinda is strong and Cleveland continues in the expectant class.

In the bank list, Citizens National is about the firmest issue, with the stock readily absorbed around 230. Southern Trust is off a trifle, and the other active leaders in this class of securities are not making much noise just now.

Bonds continue weak, and money conditions generally are practically unchanged since the previous report.

#### Banks and Banking

Two or three hundred bankers are in attendance this week at the annual convention of the California Bankers Association held at Riverside, Thursday, Friday and today. Special features of the convention include an address by Alden Anderson, state superintendent of banks. Other speeches scheduled are "Land Titles in California," by Lee Gates, president of the California Land Title Association; "The Government and the Money Power," by James K. Lynch, of the First National Bank of San Francisco; "The Lure of the Profit Account," by H. C. Carr, vice-president of the First National Bank of Porterville; "Uniting the Work of Receiving and Paying Tellers," by Stoddard Jess, vice-president of the First National Bank of Los Angeles; "Equipment and Management of Safe Deposit Vaults," by John Cunningham, manager of the safe deposit vaults of the Crocker National Bank; and "A Central Bank Plan," by W. C. Ralston, United States subtreasurer at San Francisco, and a symposium on "Financing the Crop Movement in California" by bankers from various sections of the state.

It transpires that certain German banks are involved in the insolvency of the Alabama cotton firm of Knight, Yancey & Co. Shares of the Deutsche

National Bank of Bremen have fallen because it has been assumed that the house has sustained severe losses through forged bills of lading. The bank itself appears to be still in doubt as to whether bills accepted by it were forged. In any case the officers of the institution do not expect the losses to exceed \$200,000. The Deutsche Bank also apparently is involved, but its officers authorize the statement that no serious losses are entailed. The interested houses are waiting anxiously for the arrival of steamers upon which cotton was ostensibly shipped. Only upon the coming of these vessels can the losses be definitely determined.

At a meeting of the Los Angeles Clearing House Association, held last Saturday morning, the following resolution was adopted:

Whereas, The All Night and Day Bank has heretofore made application for membership in the Los Angeles Clearing House Association, and

Whereas, This association did cause an examination of said bank to be made by its examiner, and

Whereas, The examination disclosed a condition of assets and management that does not warrant the granting of its application for membership in this association; therefore be it

Resolved, That the application be and the same is hereby denied.

Following this action a run was precipitated on the bank which was maintained for three nights and three days, depositors being paid in full. Confidence was practically restored by the statement of State Superintendent of Banks Alden Anderson to the effect that the bank was entirely solvent and would pay out dollar for dollar to those who wished to withdraw their deposits. Mr. Alden further stated that he would remain in Los Angeles for a few days to keep in touch with the bank's affairs, and later would make a still more thorough examination into its condition as to loans and credits. Stoddard Jess, president of the Los Angeles Clearing House Association, issued the following statement in behalf of the association:

The Los Angeles Clearing House Association has nothing to say at this time, other than to express regret that the news of a run on any Los Angeles bank should be spread broadcast throughout the country, and further expresses satisfaction that the cash resources of the All Night and Day Bank are undoubtedly sufficient to meet all demands.

Newton J. Skinner, president of the All Night and Day Bank, reports that depositors withdrew about \$100,000 during the run, but that business now has resumed its normal condition.

New York associated banks, for the week ending April 30, showed a decrease of \$8,244,475 in the surplus in excess of 25 per cent of all deposits and \$8,232,475 in excess of legal requirements, according to the statement of averages to that date. There was a slight increase to be noted in the loans, a loss of \$12,697,800 in specie and a gain of \$1,959,466 in legals, making a cash loss of \$10,738,400. Deposits decreased \$9,903,700. The actual statement reflected a loan contraction of \$7,767,700, a decrease in specie of \$14,291,800 and an increase of \$875,300, making a net cash loss of \$13,416,500. Deposits decreased \$20,844,600. The statement of averages for the week shows that the banks hold \$6,771,150 more than the requirements of the 25 per cent reserve rule.

After passing through a financial crisis, the Yuma National Bank has emerged as strong as ever. With the recent retirement of W. A. Hampton from the presidency, on account of illness, and the withdrawing of his \$35,000 from the capital stock of \$50,000, the bank had begun a voluntary liquidation. Later, this order of liquidation was rescinded when capital was found for the purchase of the stock offered. Miss Mary Nugent will probably be elected president of the institution, and for a while G. G. Hampton, son of the retiring president, who is now living in Los Angeles, will act as manager, with Orville Hampton as cashier.

An increase of \$113,220,562 marks the total of Chicago's bank clearings for April, as compared with April, 1909, though the total, \$1,229,975,961, is on a decline from the March figures of this year. Balances show an increase for the month of \$458,892. Last week's figures for clearings show a gain of more than \$18,000,000 compared with a year ago and balances decreased by about \$2,000,000.

As a preventive against tampering with the safe deposit vaults in the basement, an ingenious invention has just been installed in the new quarters of the American Savings Bank in the

Trust building at the northeast corner of Second and Spring streets. It consists of a system of mirrors and electric lights arranged in such a way that a watchman or any of the bank officials, by looking in a small square of glass can discover anyone who may be at work on the outside of the deposit vault.

April's total bank clearings for Los Angeles were \$74,041,104, which is the largest for any month in the history of the city. It exceeds by \$690,839 the aggregate for March, which held the previous high record. The April clearings, too, are greater by \$17,337,681 than the total for April, 1909, and exceed by \$30,629,274 the amount for April, 1908. While the total clearings for last month was a record-breaker, yet there was only one day that totaled unusually high, the volume of business being uniform and steady. The last week's clearings were \$16,144,368, which exceed by \$3,652,221 the aggregate for the corresponding month of last year.

Work is to be begun soon on the construction of the new Federal Bank building, to be erected on North Broadway, near Avenue 22. The excavations have been finished. The proposed new structure will be of unusually handsome interior and exterior. Officers of the bank are W. D. Woolwine, president; Maynard Gunsul, vice-president, and J. H. Goodhue, cashier.

Announcement is made that the Palo Verde Valley Bank will be opened for business in about a month. The capital of the new bank is \$100,000, and its directors are C. H. Pettit, J. R. Dutcher, H. M. Fraser, H. C. Downes and others.

#### Stock and Bond Briefs

Among the railroad and traction companies that will pay out large amounts in the way of interest in the next few weeks are: Pennsylvania, Chicago & Northwestern, Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific, Atlantic Coast Line, Wabash, Missouri Pacific, Chesapeake & Ohio, Chicago Union Traction, Chicago & Eastern Illinois, Illinois Central, Public Service Corporation of New Jersey, Atchison, Chicago, Burlington & Quincy, Interborough Rapid Transit, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago & St. Louis, and New Haven. In the matter of industrial payments, the United States Steel Corporation will disburse approximately \$6,000,000, which is by far the largest individual disbursement in the way of interest. Other industrial corporations that will pay out large amounts include the Philadelphia Company, American Telephone & Telegraph Company, Western Union Telegraph Company, Brooklyn Union Gas, Bethlehem Steel Company and Central Leather Company.

At the recent \$500,000 school bond election held at Pasadena, April 29, the necessary two-thirds majority was not obtained. The bonds were to be expended for a polytechnic high school. This is the second election to be defeated in Pasadena within three months. A referring of the last election may be made, and a mass meeting to that effect has been called for next Monday evening.

Since January 1 sales of stock on the New York Stock Exchange have reached \$6,500,000,000, against \$6,100,000,000 in 1909. Bond sales for the same time last year aggregated \$460,000,000, whereas this year they have just exceeded \$270,000,000, a decrease of \$190,000,000.

Sealed bids will be received up to 2 p.m. May 23 for the purchase of the Jefferson school district bonds, Los Angeles, in the sum of \$5,900. The bonds will bear interest at the rate of 5 per cent per annum. Certified check must be for 5 per cent of the amount bid.

Electors of Highgrove school district, Riverside, will hold an election May 12 to vote \$3,000 bonds for making alterations in school buildings. Bonds will bear interest at the rate of 5 per cent.

Electors of the San Luis Rey school district, Oceanside, will hold an election May 14 to sell bonds in the sum of \$3,600 for school purposes. Interest will be 6 per cent per annum.

California has invested \$41,477.30 in municipal water bonds recently voted by Newport Beach, Orange county. The interest on the bonds will go to the school fund of the state.

Bids will be received up to 2 p.m. May 23 for the purchase of the Somerset school district bonds in the sum of

## EQUITABLE SAVINGS BANK

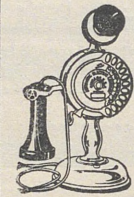
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#### NOTICE OF STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING

To the Stockholders of the Goldend Mines & Town Company:

Notice is hereby given that a special meeting of the stockholders of this company will be held at the office of the company in the offices of the Stoddard Incorporating Company, in the city of Phoenix, Ariz., at 3:30 o'clock p.m., Monday, May 23, 1910, for the purpose of approving, ratifying and confirming all action previously taken at meetings of stockholders held outside of Arizona, and, in particular, in respect to acceptance of the proposition made this company by the California Hills Consolidated Mines Company for the outstanding stock of this company upon the basis of one share of California Hills Consolidated Mines Company stock for six and one-quarter shares of stock of this company, and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before such meeting.

H. M. WILLET,  
Secretary.

Dated at Los Angeles, California, this 12th day of April, 1910.

\$9,500. Interest will be at the rate of 5 per cent per annum. Certified check must be for 5 per cent of the amount bid.

#### Gold Exports and Gold Production

Since the opening of April there has been exported from New York \$33,180,000 gold, of which nearly \$30,000,000 has gone to England and \$3,500,000 to South America. Since the year opened \$39,380,000 gold has left New York. Only three years of the last generation match this showing of the corresponding period—1909, 1895 and 1893. Last year there was shipped abroad up to the last week of April \$41,536,000 gold, half of it going to Argentina and the greater part of the remainder to England. In 1895 gold exports to this date were \$31,827,000; their destination was England, France and Germany. In 1893, nearly all of the \$47,011,000 shipments went to Germany and France. The United States, fortunately, is a great gold producer, and it is interesting to observe that, despite the enormous outward movement of gold since this time in 1908, the country's stock of gold, in the treasury and in general circulation April 1 was \$3,000,000 more than in April, 1909, and \$6,000,000 more than in April 1908. On the other hand, the calendar year 1909 was the first since 1905 in which more gold was exported than the country produced. The net loss was \$12,000,000. Between January 1, 1905, and January 1, 1909, the stock of gold in the United States increased by the prodigious sum of \$443,000,000.